

Moonlit Blooms





Table of contents

writing

- 03. *Untitled* by Coven
- 18. *red letter day* by Eternitas
- 58. *what a mess* by Lixolu
- 79. *Lesson Learned* by elydition
- 92. *Moonlit Hymns* by Panda
- 116. *A Dance for Three* by Panda
- 130. *A World For Us* by Purple
- 141. *Pride and Punishment* by Seraphina
- 160. *On the Prowl* by Star
- 175. *Extra Credit* by Star

artwork

- 200. *Cover Art* by DaaiZefU



Untitled

by Coven | ship: Eula/Rosaria

content tags: sadist/ masochist, dom/sub, injuries,
blood mention.

She comes every week like clockwork, arriving at the cathedral doorstep without fail—be it raining or hailing, after a mission or a lazy day, Eula Lawrence never misses a session.

Rosaria has to admire her discipline.

But the Spindrift Knight would not have come as far in life if she did not have discipline. It is worn into her shielded eyes and strong arms, the words of others carved into her heart and she pushes herself because of it. And yet she perseveres.

This day in particular has been harsh on her.

Rosaria lingers in the shadows of the cathedral's alcoves, a cigarette in hand. Smoke wafts into the cool night air above her. Night is when she comes alive and usually it is spent in pursuit of dangers to Mondstadt. But her Friday nights are reserved for a certain Cryo captain. So she lies in wait, wondering what is taking her long.

03

After longer than she ought to wait, the door creaks open and Eula drags herself in. Her steps echo on the stone, one offbeat, dragging behind her. Her breath is ragged, weak.

Their relationship is not one built on concern or caring for the other.

Yet, Rosaria pauses mid-drag and frowns.

What in Teyvat is she doing here?

"Rosaria?" Eula says weakly.

Her eyes do not see as well in the dark as hers do. Rosaria can see her skin dappled in bruises and cuts, that her clothes are stained from blood and dirt. And yet she hasn't cleaned herself up before she comes crawling to the cathedral.

"You look terrible," she drawls.

Eula turns towards her and though her expression does not change, her eyes light up. She limps over to her. Her eagerness is akin to a dog greeting their master's return, even if the master beats the dog. It's pathetic. And a little worrying.

"Why are you here? And not..." Rosaria gestures at her, "... at a healer's?"

04

Eula shakes her head. "No healer wants to lay a hand on a Lawrence."

Barbara would. As a member of the Church, it is her job to help anyone who is in need. But Barbara is sound asleep in her bed. And Eula would never let her wake her for something as *'unimportant'* as herself.

Rosaria extinguishes her cigarette and flicks it to the ground. The scent of smoke clings to her like a plague yet Eula inhales as if it is fresh flowers. Again, pathetic.

But also strangely endearing.

"Regardless." She touches Eula's face and lets cryo spark from her fingertips. She ices the bruises growing on her cheeks. She is used to doing this when she accidentally goes overboard with Eula. "A rough day?"

"The usual."

"You don't normally look like a regisvine chewed you up and spat you out "

"You pay attention to how I look?"

Rosaria doesn't give her the satisfaction of a reaction. Instead she drops her hands and steps back. "Kneel."

The dark of the church, Eula sinks to her knees without question. She is a cute plaything—obedient and willing as long as you get her off. Their interactions are strange, not of lovers but not of strangers. It is different than the emotionless sex of a one night stand. It is warmer.

Rosaria walks in a circle around her, listening to her heels click against the ground. Where to start with her?

She might have worried about hurting her with the condition her body is in if Eula didn't like pain. She never speaks of why and Rosaria never elaborated on why she enjoys hurting others. Parallels, ships crossing across a midnight sea but never colliding. They both hold their trauma close to their hearts.

But to come battered and bruised to her in the middle of the night, Rosaria wants to believe that Eula is more than that.

Her breath is still heavy, misting in the cold air. She stares up at her with her lips parted, half a heartbeat away from begging.

Oh, Spindrift Knight, do you truly think so lowly of yourself?

"Every week, you come," Rosaria says. "You confess

your wrongdoings and want for forgiveness. Why is it you think I can give you that?"

"I never want *forgiveness*."

"Then you seek punishment. For your *supposed* crimes." Rosaria leans over and grasps her by her chin. "If you were truly a criminal, I would have disposed of you eons ago."

Eula shivers under her. She leans her head back to stare Rosaria in the eyes and the despair in them startles her. An emptiness, it's unlike her to wear her heart on her sleeve.

But perhaps when your heart is as battered as she is, maybe she doesn't care anymore. For the second time tonight, Rosaria pauses.

She doesn't usually hesitate when faced with a broken soul. The world is full of pain and suffering; these people are not unique. So why does her hand still when faced with a wounded Eula Lawrence? Why does her heart twist too?

"And you... you can punish me?" Eula asks breathlessly. "W-Will you?"

Though she tries not to think about it, Rosaria breaks one of her rules for her. In their plays of power, and

gods and sinners, she is never to stand below her. She must remain above. But tonight, she too sinks to her knees and they kneel on equal levels.

Warm breath kisses her lips and Eula flushes.

Does she realise too?

"I can," Rosaria murmurs. "But is pain a punishment if you want it, dear Knight? Would tenderness not hurt you worse?"

Eula blinks in surprise and the question catches her off guard. The silence stretches thin between them, every second an overwhelming weight for her to bear. It's too much, born from ideas she doesn't want to consider. Rosaria flinches.

"I... Rosaria-?"

Rosaria shoves her away as if her very presence burns her. She's on her feet, arms folded over her chest in an attempt to separate herself from her thoughts.

"Take off your clothes. Now," she snaps.

Eula's eyes are confused but she dips her head in wordless obedience. Rosaria watches as shaking hands and bruised fingers undo clasps. Her movements are achingly slow and hindered by her

injuries. Pressure gathers in Rosaria's chest, hot and violent, confusing. Why? What is this?

She quickly learns that stripping Eula was a mistake for now she can truly see the damage done to her beautiful body. Her back is dappled in bruises and small cuts line her arms. To think anyone would turn such a broken creature away because of something as fickle as her name. She wonders how many nights Eula has bandaged herself up because a healer would not.

Too many.

Eula folds her stained clothes and sets them aside on the nearest pew. She sits back on her heels, obedient and waiting, hands on her lap. And she waits, waits for her commands.

The ice is cracking within her. Frozen walls that surround her heart and they're breaking for someone as pitiful as Eula Lawrence.

What has become of the fearsome defender of Mondstadt?

Heat flashes through her chest and Rosaria lunges. She brings her foot down on Eula's chest, shoving her down until she cries out. Usually she relishes in the noises that Eula makes for they are all miserable and pathetic. But tonight, it hits her like a lightning bolt

through the heart.

Rosaria only presses harder as Eula's body is her feelings.

"You come crawling here for me to hurt you," she snarls, grinding the heel of her boot against her breastbone, where she knows it will hurt most. "How *pathetic* are you? I'm not special. There are a hundred other citizens that would love to get their hands on a Lawrence."

Eula's legs give way until she lies flat on her back, gasping silently in pain. But her cheeks are flushed, her thighs squeeze together, her eyes are bright once again.

"Yet every Friday night you are here without fail." Rosaria shakes her head. "Why? Is this some twisted faith? To come to a church and tryst with a sister of no belief, you are truly fucking weird."

She finally removes her foot and Eula gasps. Tears sparkle at the edge of her eyes and still her eyes shine. They blaze like a brilliant flame and it threatens to burn her entire world down. It is said that eyes are the window to the soul, so when she stares at Eula's, is Eula also staring at hers?

She should hate what she sees. Rosaria often wonders

if she even has a heart or if it never had the chance to grow.

But Eula's lips part and there's joy in the way she breathes. There's a majestic hope that Rosaria cannot understand.

"Get up," she orders.

Her core pulses hot between her legs in twisted desire and she will find her pleasure in this. They use each other, give their bodies and souls to another for only one night so that they might feel closeness. Eula lives a life of isolation. So does Rosaria. And so, doesn't it make the most perfect of senses for them to come together?

Eula rises and her muscles shift.

She wields her claymore as if it weighs nothing—she could tear Rosaria in two if she wanted. But when power submits, trust blooms. It is a double edged sword that lies against both their throats.

Rosaria has never felt fear in Eula's presence.

She turns in Rosaria's guidance, bending under her hands. Her forearms rest against one of the pews and her head bows as if in prayer. This is a different sort of worship.

Rosaria trails kisses of cryo up the length of her spine. She tastes the outdoors and the wind, a metallic tang of blood. Eula whimpers under her lips, so soft and needy—full of nothing but *want*.

Rosaria has felt that many people need her, to do her job in the darkness and shadows to protect them from. She has never felt anyone *want* her.

"Eula," she breathes against the nape of her neck, so close to her ears. There is no one around but this is something only for her. She lets her lips speak again, painting her desire with her tongue. "Eula..."

She flexes under her, a terrible shiver rolling down her spine. Eula trembles before her but her hands never move. She holds her control steady, even as her breath quickens.

Rosaria traces a hand down her back and then around her front, playing across the hard muscles of her stomach. She doesn't remember when she learned the map of her body but every curve is familiar. She knows exactly where to linger or to drag her nails across.

"Rosaria-!" Eula's head lowers and every muscle in her back tenses. "I-!"

She flattens herself against her back to let her feel every part of them fitting together. Her hand finally

reaches where Eula needs her most and she is *dripping* wet. Her thighs are coated in her arousal, and soon Rosaria's fingers are too.

The noise that escapes Eula's lips is beautiful.

She teases her lips before gently parting them.

"So wet," Rosaria murmurs in her ear. "So ready and waiting for me."

For her, only her. No one else gets to see Eula as vulnerable as she is now. This is her treasure and hers alone. Something pulses—like a flutter—in her chest. Hers.

She slips inside her easily, starting slow at first. She means to drag this out, let the sensation tremble and linger until it's all too much. She loves with Eula begs. She's so proud, this wonderful Spindrift Knight, and yet she bends knee without a complaint.

Their lovemaking is softer tonight, an arm wrapped around her front while the other dives between her legs. Often Rosaria would bite her until she cries not from the pain but from wanting more.

Instead she kisses her neck, and her shoulders and everywhere she can reach. She tastes her skin and her pain all at once and devours it as if she can take it away. She cannot, not when the city blames her for

crimes that are burned into her name. But for one night, it is enough to forget.

Eula quivers underneath her and moans her name. Rosaria thinks she can sense the difference but she thinks she likes it.

"Oh, Rosaria, please-!"

Fingers find her own and Eula grasps her hand close to her chest. They're breathing as one, a living whole between their broken halves, moving together. She flutters around Rosaria with tender might and then the tension sings sweet.

Eula sobs her name as she comes, head tilting back to seek her mouth. She kisses her with weak lips. And Rosaria cannot get enough of her.

Though her hand finally stills between them, her heart does not. She swears Eula can feel it mapped over her own, hammering a war beat against her skin. She has never felt anything quite like this.

"Eula..." Rosaria murmurs against her mouth. "My Eula..."

And she folds underneath her, bringing them down to the ground. They manage to not break the kiss as they move together, Rosaria ending up straddling her lap.

They're kissing and kissing, breathing in one another. It cannot break because if it does, this moment ends forever.

She does not know if there will be another like it. Are either of them the sort for relationships between this twisted benefit between them?

Are they capable of more?

Eula's hands are warm against her exposed back, holding her close. And Rosaria drinks the air from her lungs until neither of them can breathe.

It is only when her lungs feel as though they will burst does she finally pull away. She doesn't make it far—only enough to inhale and press her forehead against hers. Warm, everything about her is warm and familiar. Rosaria doesn't know when she began to feel safe in Eula's presence. But she rests against her, eyes closed, heart open.

Silence stretches between them and fills the church once again. Only their laboured breath breaks through.

"Ro-Rosaria," Eula breathes. "I-... This is..."

"I do wish you would care more about yourself," Rosaria says. "That you won't leave yourself in pain."

When she opens her eyes, Eula is staring at her once again. Does she understand what she's looking at? Does she understand that they are both vulnerable in this moment? To admit that she cares, Rosaria has never done that before.

She traced a hand down her front, across bruise and cut alike. "You can't go home like this."

"Then where?"

So innocently asked, with a lovely growing hope. Rosaria almost laughs. What is this? "Come with me to the nunnery. Barbara can heal you in the morning. You can stay with me." Please.

There is every chance that Eula will pull away and hide, retreating to once again be alone. She is a lonely soul for what she believes in. She wonders if she knows how to be close to someone else.

But Eula lets out a gentle sigh and smiles.

"Okay. Okay."

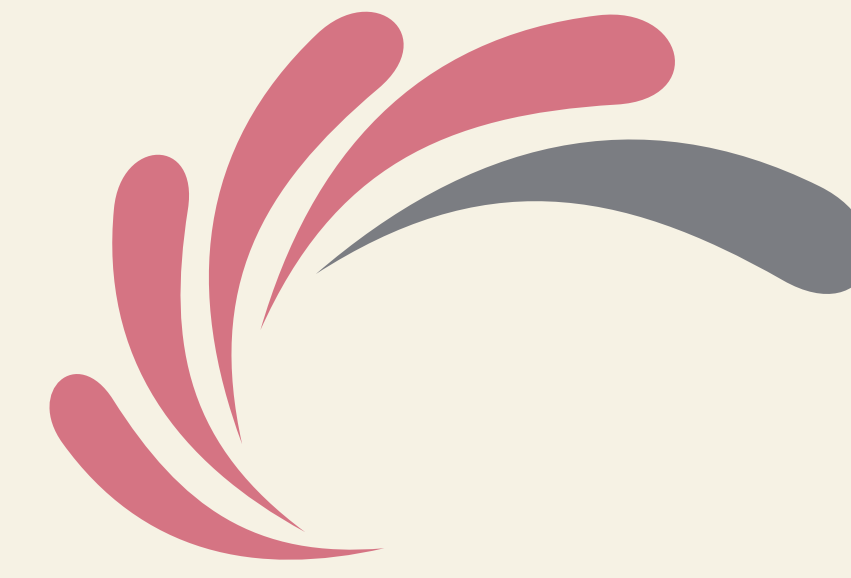
It's acceptance, it's positive confirmation. Rosaria hadn't realised how nervous she was. She rests her head against her shoulder and Eula holds her instinctively. They curl into one another. They don't speak, only sit in the moment together.

This isn't love.

She doesn't know what it is.

But it is gentle, and tender, and everything Rosaria doesn't know.

And that's what makes it so wonderful.



red letter day

by Eternitas | ship: Ningguang/Ganyu/Beidou

content tags: loose canon, pining, sex toys, name calling, praise, getting together, some gānqing interaction

There is a problem she has. There are two.

The first is asleep on the divan when she walks in, her legs spread wide enough that Ganyu considers shielding her face as she passes. Her hair is loosened from its usual pin, magpie-black and matted with sweat: It pours over the cushions like ink, like tar. A few buttons on her shirt have been plucked undone, and her breasts heave as she murmurs something dreaming. Ganyu sees the dusky top of a nipple.

“Er...”

The second problem walks up behind her, heels ringing on tile, and clicks her tongue. “Drunk.”

“What?”

Ningguang takes another step forward, lays the back of her hand against the woman's forehead. She waits a

moment, then withdraws. Under her robes, her legs are slim and bare.

“All the scoundrel does is drink. Her days off, she starts from the minute she wakes up hungover.”

“Is...” Ganyu wets her lips. “Is that why you called me in?”

Ningguang’s voice comes from her other side this time—she has, when stressed, been known to pace.

“Do you mind? My apologies for this, I know you’re no maid, but Baishi is out running another errand and I suspect she doesn’t like Beidou very much. You don’t need to stay for long at all. I have work to do and was going to just leave her some tea, though”—she sighs, glancing back—“I suppose I could postpone a bit, if it comes to that.”

Hangover—workday—other secretary out. The context floats back to Ganyu and just holds there, and the realization follows like a chaser: She’s alone with both Ningguang and Beidou, who are undone and unbecoming in a way neither of them (Ningguang, at least) would dare let anyone see. A few trusted souls, maybe, but surely not many.

Because that is the problem, isn’t it? The reason they’re a problem. Ningguang’s regular assistants look

at her the way starving dogs look at meat and look what they’ve allowed themselves to become, all pining and groveling like the worst of degenerates. By all accounts, Ganyu should be better. She snaps awake every morning to the cry of a ship horn that still sounds like the ship horns a dozen centuries ago. Even now, her faith hasn’t faltered: She is good, she wants for nothing, she has not reached for a piece of meat in years. It’s not her.

It’s the way Beidou whistles her name when she enters a room and calls her her *favorite*, then envelops her in a hug so tight Ganyu hears the dead gods beckoning—the strength of her arms and chest, the cardamom and spiced rum on her breath. The way Ningguang smokes with her back to the window in her office but knows exactly when to spin around even before Ganyu announces her entrance—her flimsy clothes, her poacher’s pride, her complexion the envy of the court. The way both women lean into each other and the contrast of their bodies when they walk arm-in-arm, Beidou with her muscle and her farmer’s tan and Ningguang callous because she already knows who has the most control in any given room, at any given moment.

It’s that, it’s always that, and it has nothing to do with —

“Ganyu?”

“Y-yes.” She straightens. Blinks. “What kind of tea do you like?” she asks, just before her voice dries up in her throat.

Ningguang studies her, then says, “Whatever we have.” But Ganyu does not move; the seconds stretch; in the courtyard just outside, gardeners’ footsteps recede before disappearing entirely.

Ningguang’s voice comes low, like a lover imparting a secret. “Violetgrass will do.”

There is more she could say, certainly more she could conclude—but then there goes Ganyu before either can begin, picking herself up and scampering down the length of the hall.

~

You must be yielding, to begin with.

The scars on her palms become anxious ditches she never stops renewing. In a few weeks, she trips more times than she has in three thousand summers.

Your labor is your love and your body is the site of both. You are good: You do more than what is asked of you.

Summer now, the early months. Something restless about it. Even Ganyu wears fewer layers—works outside when she can, anticipating cicadas. She begins a side project of sketching every flower in the courtyard. She makes violetgrass tea every morning.

You are good.

She spends nights rewriting speeches only to improvise come next day’s recitation. Spends meetings taking notes in a scrawl so embarrassed and fierce the paper tears more than once. Daydreams, startles. Forgets. Listens to Beidou bark *weigh anchor!* all the way from the docks and Ningguang read aloud in that voice which is never quiet and never brash, her letter opener poised like a conductor’s baton between long, long fingers.

You are good and you are strong and you want for nothing.

The long hours and the long hours and her fingers and their fingers and...

You want for—

Midsummer. Unbearable heat. The glaze lilies in the courtyard weep under the weight of locusts.

Ganyu scrambles to her chambers.

~

Before Ningguang is Lady Ningguang the Tianquan, she is a natural phenomenon. Keqing said she had been a merchant prior to ascending, selling old Visions and lottery tickets written in scripts no living human could read. It suited her, Ganyu thought. She bought two lottery tickets on her next lunch break and took them to Ningguang's study. Began stammering something about the salesperson giving her an extra.

"Did you know? These words used to be part of a few different prayers stitched together, but only the phonics translated, so now you have—well, this looks like the modern words *river* and *already*, but the real meaning is something like—"

"Keep them both." A strand of hair fell across Ningguang's cheek, platinum-blond.

"There's an opal necklace in the jeweller's across the pavilion. No one has purchased it since it first went up; you'd need three paychecks' worth of money to even lay your eyes upon it. Just imagine how it would look on you..." She slid her fingers over her collarbone, curling them in the hollow of her throat. "Here, like a pearl or a bell."

Ganyu was clutching the tickets so hard that they crumpled. "I-I don't—my lady—"

Ningguang did cut her off, then, with a smile instead of a command. Ganyu wondered if she had always felt this much like prey.

"You're a pretty thing, Ganyu," Ningguang said. "Don't you think you are?"

~

"Yes, yes, yes," Ganyu breathes now, one hand at her breast and three fingers in her cunt, her mouth open and straining around a name she doesn't think twice about blaspheming.

~

Write back Inazuma embassy. Two o'clock meeting cancelled. Prepare list of empty housing developments in the harbor. The sugarcane is three thumbs too high; maybe you could trim it, if no one else will.

They're in the grass of a half-meadow past Liyue Harbor, a half-mile north—Ganyu and Keqing, a lunch break compromise. What birds there are coo only intermittently from the trees, but dragonflies flock around them with practiced unpredictability. Keqing

sits with her legs framing her secretary's, their bodies perpendicular and overlapping, her dress bunched above her knees.

"This is a fine start, but you've blended together the names for letters M and N. And here"—a sharp breath in—"you wrote Jingliang District where you should have written Jiangling. Same issue down here, and further down..."

For the first time that afternoon, Keqing's hand stills.

"Ganyu... you're usually much better than this."

Too hot, even out here. Ganyu turns her head and it's like swimming through molasses.

"Lately it's been hard to focus."

"Weather has never posed an issue for you."

"I mean..."

She gestures impotently but soon lets her hands and her expression fall. Keqing looks on, skeptical as always. And reddens when Ganyu takes her wrist, bringing her fingers to brush against her jaw.

"Are you sick?" Keqing asks.

In a way. "It feels that way."

"Is it... is it bad?"

A cloud throws a blue shadow over where they're sitting. "It's nothing I can't get over, I think."

"Oh. That's good."

They pass from one kind of silence to another.

"Can I... ah..."

Ganyu looks up.

Keqing is staring at her horns. Her hand hovering. It should be a surprise: Ganyu rarely talks about her anatomy and Keqing rarely leers at her the way children and cruel humans do. Her current expression betrays more of the former's vague wonder, hesitation in the terrible flush over her cheeks.

"Yes." Ganyu's mind is all fog; she can only dip her head like she's being knighted.

Keqing leans in.

And—

"Oh—"

Keqing startles for a beat before continuing, echo-soft, to pet at each horn. And how—Ganyu sighs—how nice it is to be small as an animal, to be the prettiest girl in the village with a suitor working her hair into plaits. It's warm, it's close, it makes her shiver to the root of each limb. And then Keqing pulls away, and then it's over.

Ganyu opens her eyes (when had they closed?) and the wind picks up.

"I needed that," she says. "Thank you."

Keqing never answers right away in moments like this. There is nothing inscrutable about her, nothing cruel. After a while, she pulls her skirt back down over her thighs.

"Hey, we should head back."

~

The weather warms again that night, and Ganyu has time to enjoy it: Ningguang dismisses her early. *I've had my hands full lately*, she explains... *Some people are just impossible*.

The next morning, before dawn, a statesman addresses a letter to the Tianquan. Ganyu slips it under Ningguang's chamber door—freezes when she

hears someone scream on the other side. Her breath catches and stops and she clutches a hand to the doorframe, listening until the scream pitches and shatters.

It isn't a scream at all but a laugh, and it isn't one woman in the room but two.

~

Edit speech on increased criminal activity near Qingce. Update archives to match budget cuts. Five o'clock meeting postponed. A raven is haunting the courtyard and all the swallows eat carrion, now, for fear and want of him.

She is finishing her morning paperwork when Beidou knocks, shoves the door open with enough force to splinter, and cries, "Gifts for Miss Ganyu!"

A heart palpitation of ink smears the page. Ganyu shoots her visitor an exasperated look.

"Captain, you're certainly lively at"—checking the clock—"a quarter past seven."

Beidou makes a lot more noise when she moves than Ningguang does, though she steps about as hastily with strides about as long. (There's always been something attractive, Ganyu thinks, in that sureness.)

Floorboards sigh under the alternating pressure of her boots.

“Oh, don’t worry your little head about that. It’s *day*, isn’t it? And even earlier in Mondstadt when we left. Hey, look at this.” She hands a small bag to Ganyu, who tugs the drawstring to look inside.

“Sweets?”

“Licorice. Pretty salty, actually. I even found a vendor for animal dolls, but I didn’t know if you would—ah, here they are. Look!”

“I—what kind of animal is that!”

The dolls are still tied with gift ribbon around their middles. And they are ugly: Faces like demon masks sketched by the village’s first successful lobotomy. Ganyu is studying those faces, trying to convince herself that, yes, she does hate them, when two large hands fall gently on her shoulders.

“Wh—?”

There’s Beidou giving half a chuckle, deep and rich; her expression is somehow indecipherable when Ganyu looks at her.

“You want to see what I got you last?”

It feels like a trick question. Slowly, Ganyu nods.

And so Beidou pulls the last item not out of a bag but right from her coat pocket: A velvet box, navy blue.

Ganyu digs her nails into her palm until she has to bite her tongue to keep from hissing.

“It’s not from overseas,” Beidou is explaining. “I had to pick it up on my way here from the docks. Someone thought it would suit you, and someone—well, this someone, who is not me though I also ended up getting involved—was willing to unload quite a sum of money on that theory. And... well. Let’s see for ourselves, shall we?”

Pinched between her fingers is a thin gold chain from which an opal—shaped like a teardrop, set in a frame that glimmers with tinier stones—hangs down. It makes Ganyu dizzy, how quickly she recognizes it, and she’s never—never even *seen*...

Beidou’s voice is at her ear. “I’ll help put it on you?”

Ganyu doesn’t trust herself not to stutter, so she just nods again.

Because of course she’s always noticed the difference in Beidou’s hands and her own. The calluses, the size. The sheer strength in those fingers, subdued to

nothing as she tugs the clasp of the necklace closed.

It has been easy, until now, to force her gaze away every time it begins to linger, but Beidou is so close now, her breath is on the nape of Ganyu's neck, and she *laughs* as she steps back in front of Ganyu with something pleased in the gleam of her eye.

“Well, would you look at that...”

There is nowhere to look but down at herself.

“It does suit you,” Beidou says, softer by the word. “You’re a very pretty girl.”

The stone lays against her chest and seems almost to burn her. Her fists clench; she clenches her teeth. Beidou begins circling the room, her footsteps taking her to the window. Then pausing. Then back. Then stopping next to Ganyu, caging her in place.

“I saw Keqing on my way in, you know. We talked about you.”

“...did you, now?”

“Mm.” Low as a tiger's rumble. “Heard something funny about—”

(she leans in. grins—)

“A-*aah*—”

“Shit!”

Beidou recoils, as if stung.

“Did that hurt you? I’m so sorry.”

Both hands clasped over her mouth—Ganyu starts turning scarlet and doesn’t stop. If not for Beidou—unmoving, the wolf that bit the doe—she would do just about anything except believe this is real, this is happening.

“N-no, I. I didn’t expect it.” And when Beidou doesn’t move: “They’re very sensitive. You can’t just... I need some kind of warning. First.”

That ought to work. Beidou lifts a brow and when she reaches forward again the layers of her coat shift together, the heavy over the light.

She touches the pad of her thumb to Ganyu’s left horn. Ganyu shuts her eyes, willing herself calm as Beidou taps experimentally. At her trembling, the captain huffs the clipped laugh Ganyu imagines she uses when spotting a glint of land or gold, and she outright chuckles in astonishment—*shit, shit*—as she begins to rub.

“You’re like a puppy!”

Ganyu presses her thighs together and Beidou, thank *someone*, doesn’t notice. Until she does, and she brings her other arm to wrap around Ganyu’s midsection in support, under her breasts, broad palm splayed against her ribcage.

Either Beidou is oblivious going on lethal or she has figured something out, because that hand is millimeters from the apex of Ganyu’s crossed legs and inches from—

This time, Ganyu has the foresight to jolt out of her grip.

“You were here to give me gifts,” she stammers, by way of explanation.

Beidou’s face is... no longer afraid, but muddled. Or else serious, or else—or else hungry, heavy with a wanting too vast for this chamber. To say nothing of too dark.

She gets up.

“Ganyu, you’re a strange one. Has anyone told you that? I can’t seem to get one thing about you pinned down straight.” She shakes her head and it’s cliché—of

course she’d shake her head, after saying all that. Ganyu takes comfort in the gesture: It is something, at least, that she can predict.

The comfort falters at what Beidou says next, staring idly at the opal on her breast. “But I’ll figure you out sooner or later, Rex Lapis as my witness. You have a good one, now.”

And she slips out of the room to the beat of a march, leaving Ganyu feeling decadant and alone and like a fucking idiot. She touches a hand to her horns, which ache. But no pressure she tries leaves her anything but varying degrees of unsatisfied. It takes a certain kind of person to break her apart, with the audacity to deploy enough careless strength; and as much as Ganyu wishes for softness, to be soft to herself...

Hastily, she returns to fumble open the bag of licorice and pops one in her mouth. It’s salty, just as she promised. Like letting the sea take you.

~

Decline trade offer with Mondstadt. Organize transcriptions from yesterday’s meeting. Approve two separate shipments of oil. Someday none of the plants in this courtyard will exist anymore, and maybe to everyone who asks they’ll never have existed. But I’ll know.

The warmth of the room reaches her first, then the shape of Lady Ningguang—spine straight, hand cupping cheek, her dressing gown a pool of whispering silk. She uncrosses her legs at the sound of the door, lit queasily from behind as Ganyu approaches, bows.

“Good evening, Ganyu,” she opens, and the girl in question is already turning over her response for the chiding that follows: *You hardly have to knock anymore...*

But Ningguang does not say that, this time. This time, she says almost nothing until she says, “Don’t you know it’s rude to stare, my girl?”

Immediately, Ganyu gasps. Stumbles over the usual lines. In reply Ningguang smiles, slight and knowing, perfectly like herself.

“Thank you for the papers. You’re hard-working as always.”

“Ah... yes.” Papers? What papers? She is acting a scripted role, she thinks, and she’s lost everything save the nerve.

Ningguang thumbs through them once, then turns back. “You and Beidou are getting along, aren’t you?”

It feels, again, like a trick. Just how often do the Qixing and their allies speak of her? Images swarm (an opal, a grinning face, her thighs pressed hopelessly together) and what comes out of her mouth is:

“She contributes more to Liyue’s prosperity than anyone here will give the light of day. She’s strong. And really—uhm. And she’s doing a great thing, I think, always.”

That earns her a look. “I didn’t ask you to write her obituary. I’ve just heard you’re getting along, which for my part I think is good to hear—heaven knows that woman grates on me.”

“I am! Or—we are. I mean, we have a good time every time we...”

Her lips part.

“We...”

There were two voices coming from Ningguang’s chamber. There was a laugh, edging on a scream.

“...oh. Oh.”

“Ganyu.”

“I’m...” Great wonder she can even look at Ningguang in this state, but she manages. “I’m—”

The dam crumbles.

“—*sorry*, Ningguang, I’m sorry, I shouldn’t have, I’ve failed you from the day you came here. I never should have done it, I should have said no when she asked me—I—”

“Ganyu,” Ningguang repeats, in a tone so unaffected it could be any other day.

“How many souls here have known Rex Lapis personally, can say with confidence that he favors them? Everyone up and down the harbor says nothing of you except how pious you are, and how good.”

She pauses long enough that Ganyu realizes she is focusing, now, directly on Ningguang’s face. Her eyes are—

“I take my duties seriously. You know this.”

“I... yes.”

—her eyes are red. And they narrow, gleaming, as she takes Ganyu’s fingers in her slender palm.

“Then you must know, too, that there isn’t much in the world I’m willing to tolerate, even if I am told to. But with all delicate things I am forgiving.”

Spoken with an edge, like challenge spilling over into mockery. Delicate: a delicate thing. Ganyu almost answers, then stops herself. What, after all, can she do? Protest? Lift up her robes, tear off her gloves, show Ningguang all the places she’s been scarred and swallowed?

I am no delicate thing, she thinks—and then realizes it was not a thought at all.

“Really?” Ningguang says, sounding vaguely smug. “Why should I believe you.”

Ganyu hesitates. “I am loving, and I care for my friends and their lovers.” An answer to what Ningguang has said aloud and what she hasn’t.

If it were Beidou before her, the impossible captain would scoff—mock-derision—or slam her bottle down on the table, kick her leg up, peer out at Ganyu through the bottom of the glass. Ningguang takes her pipe between her fingers, lights it, and is otherwise entirely still.

“Come to my chambers. Tomorrow midnight. Show me you can take what I give you.”

“But your work...”

“Even I need a break every now and then.”

“But Beidou...”

“She adores you. This comes far from hurting her.”

Still Ganyu hesitates. But the Tianquan, veiled in white smoke and a shift that is slipping down, lifts the corner of her robe without another word. Her thigh beneath is shapely; there’s a kiss mark on it, blooming purple.

You are strong. You are good. You want for nothing.

“You don’t want to say no to me,” Ningguang purrs. Suddenly, it doesn’t matter how hard Ganyu prays.

~

The price of gold Sunday was—

The lilies are—

The Qixing—

The captain—

~

It’s a bad idea from the moment she stands outside Ningguang’s chambers with one hand poised over the door. Amber light seeps out from underneath and laps

at her, shallow waves on a beach; on the other side, only the soft groan of mattress springs, the start and stop of footsteps, can be heard. Ningguang is resting, she thinks, just inside this room. Then, with a thrill so fast her heard spins: *She’s waiting there for me.*

And, well—there are worse times to come, right? Ningguang invited her. She—no, she very explicitly did. And it is midnight, isn’t it? Late. It’s late enough and she wants—*she wants me, she’s waiting for me.*

Ganyu thumbs the opal at her breast, shifts from foot to foot.

You are good, she thinks, you are good, you are, you are—and knocks.

The door swings open and Ningguang is upon her.

Ganyu doesn’t even have time to sputter, because this is so far from what she was expecting that she feels dizzy all over again. And Ningguang’s hands are warm, coarser than she remembers—seizing her jaw, pushing her tongue inside Ganyu’s mouth right on cue. When she grabs Ganyu’s tits, just one of her hands covers her entire breast and kneads so rough that the thought of that hand slipping into her cunt and *using* her makes her gush.

“S-shit, fuck—”

Panting, they pull back from each other.

“Ning—”

It’s not Ningguang.

It’s not Ningguang at all, and Beidou’s—*Beidou’s*—face leers at her, darkness rendering her features unreadable.

“Enjoying yourself?”

Behind them—little more than a silhouette—Ningguang sitting, imperious, on the bed. A scant few thoughts come through to Ganyu, namely that she is enjoying herself but completely petrified beyond that.

“Shh,” she hears, right in her ear, and Beidou takes her jaw and smooths down her hair. “You’re good,” she whispers, “you’re so good...” Then her mouth is on Ganyu’s again.

All Ganyu wants is to let herself be taken just like this, gently overwhelmed, but still that nagging bit of doubt manages to break through. When she starts running out of breath, she tugs at Beidou’s collar, and Beidou pulls away.

She glances over the woman’s shoulder to find

Ningguang still looking on in silence, having barely moved. She takes a drag off a pipe Ganyu is certain she wasn’t holding a minute ago; with the smoke wrapped about her, she looks unreal.

“Hey,” Beidou says, cupping her cheek. “Hey. Look at me.”

Beidou’s left hand lands on her stomach and trails down to pause just above her thighs, which Ganyu parts, granting access.

Beidou nudges past Ganyu’s robes and right away fits both index and middle finger inside her. Ganyu thinks she hears a intake of breath and something like *greedy*—her imagination, maybe, because already she feels like her brain is turning to ash as her pussy gets obscenely wetter. After a few shallow thrusts, Beidou begins to scissor her fingers, plunging a little deeper with each go; when she murmurs “so pretty” it’s in a voice equal parts ragged and reverent.

“Do you like Ningguang seeing you?” she asks even though Ganyu can barely hear the question, let alone nod. “You like that she’s sharing you with me, that you can look so pretty for her while I fuck you?”

It is good, it is good, there is nothing Ganyu loves more in this moment than to be good and pliant and perfect. But there’s something missing, too obvious: Every

time she catches a glimpse of Ningguang back there, she can't help but feel lost.

“N-Ning—fuck—”

In the backdrop, Ningguang might be setting her pipe down, uncrossing her legs. Ganyu barely notices. And every second it is just her up here and Beidou continuing to finger her, adding a third, she aches more.

Another two hands come to her nipples, tweaking them through her blouse. But Beidou's fingers are still claiming her cunt; she must have moved behind Ganyu, because Ganyu can feel her tits against her back; and the lips against her ear are decidedly not the lips kissing up her neck.

“What cute tits you have,” Ningguang is saying, and it really is her, suddenly so close, so divine. “So sensitive and tiny.”

“N-n—I'm not—”

“No?” Ningguang pinches her nipples and tugs. “You're not being very honest, young lady. Are you saying I won't find your pussy drenched if I opened it up with my fingers right now?”

It's all Ganyu can do to shoot Beidou a look as helpless as she feels, but Ningguang speaks first:

“Isn't our girl so sweet, Beidou, dressed in our jewels? I always did wish she'd be bolder, but”—tug—“I think this suits her just fine.”

Beidou hums her agreement into Ganyu's throat. “Let's get her in bed,” she whispers, “leave nothing but the jewels on her neck.”

Ganyu is shaking when they undress her. Both women are too stubborn to just take the necklace off, so buttons pop and scatter and they all but rip her blouse apart trying to pull it under her chest. The hands roaming her are constant, and the lips, sucking over small pointed breasts and plump pale thighs and caressing her stomach, the softness of it, when any other day she'd be beside herself with embarrassment.

She whines somewhere along the way, tugging again at Beidou's clothes. Beidou strips without much ceremony, but still the reveal of her body comes one bit at a time: full breasts and dark nipples, the strength in her torso littered with scars, her thighs muscled and somehow thicker than Ganyu had ever let herself notice.

Ningguang, for her part, has loosened her robe so that it hangs off her shoulders, red silk, and swirls around her legs as she moves. She is rummaging in a drawer beside the bed while Beidou's shirt and trousers hit

the floor piece by piece; once finished, Beidou leans against the pillows like a monarch as Ningguang returns to them, now holding a toy. It's about half the length of her forearm and the girth of her wrist, with a dull jade gleam and a tip that curves up. Ganyu licks her lips for no reason at all.

"Do you want to fuck her?" Ningguang coos to Ganyu, getting on the bed to kneel behind her and point at the reclining captain.

Ganyu does, god, wants it so badly her cunt throbs. Does she even deserve it? Beidou opens her thighs a little wider and smiles, spreads herself with her fingers. Ganyu just gapes at the peek of her wet cunt, her hard clit like a pearl. She mewls, pitiful, and as if in reply, Ningguang brushes the shell of her ear with her lips and whispers, "You can fuck her if you're good."

Her mouth feels full of sand. "Y-you," she begins to say.

Ningguang cocks a brow. "Me?" And, sharp as she is, leans in: "You want me to fuck you"—touching the head of the toy to her entrance from behind, barely pushing—"with my fingers, right?"

And that's probably a joke, right, because the dildo is right there and it's—not moving.

"Hnn—no, no, fuck..."

"Then with my tongue? You want me to put my mouth on your cunt?" There's a hum. "You need to be more specific, puppy. How will you ever ask Beidou to let you suck her at this rate?"

Ningguang sounds closer to bored than enthusiastic, though by how much Ganyu can't say.

"N-no! Th-the—*ungh*, the—"

"The...?"

"Fuck! The bigger one!"

"The bigger one'?" The sound Ningguang makes after is as good as a scoff. "*Oh*, does my girl want—"

She grinds the dildo harder, like crushing a rib with her heel, and whatever response Ganyu had been thinking to give dissolves. The dildo is cold and it is heavy, bearing into her inch by inch. (Absently, she touches her stomach.) Inch by inch until it's halfway or a third of the way or—or is it already—

—but then Ningguang starts pulling it back out, like she's going to thrust back in. Ganyu gives a gasp that snags her teeth on her lip, but then Ningguang *stops*,

and Ganyu waits, and nothing else happens, the head of the toy just resting there against her opening.

“Noooo,” she wails, bratty, before she can stop herself.
“No, no, *no*—”

Ningguang’s other hand clamps around her nape.

“You aren’t thinking you want to fuck *me*, puppy, are you? Is that what you’re hoping for? You think you’re good enough for that?”

Ganyu’s eyes water and roll back. Ningguang could smother her to death with her cunt and she would be thankful. It isn’t far from what she imagines, either, when nothing kinder will do: Rutting against Ningguang’s thigh like a dog, eating her out as Ningguang pays her less mind than a speck of dust on the floor.

Sometimes, too, she imagines Beidou—serene as she is now, but much meaner—fucking Ningguang with two fingers, three four five stretching her out, her legs bent back behind her ears; in this fantasy, neither woman spares Ganyu a second thought come sunrise. Good and pliant and perfect: There are nights she wants no more than to be a toy for them to throw around then discard.

But then—but now?—Beidou is wiping a tear from the corner of Ganyu’s eye. Petting her hair like a dog.

“Shh, shh, no, baby, don’t cry, you’re so good—Ningguang, lay off her a bit. I don’t think she can handle that right now.”

Silence for a moment. Oil from the lamp dripping into its dish. Ningguang withdraws the toy; Ganyu shivers at the slicked-up thing, somehow still cold, sliding out of her, and Beidou grabs her jaw again to kiss her through it.

“Puppy,” she tries, edging callused fingers along Ganyu’s horns. “Our cute puppy.”

Ganyu makes some kind of sound into Beidou’s chest. “Please.”

Beidou offers another laugh, cut short. “You are.” Her hand slides to the nape of Ganyu’s neck, squeezes. To her ass.

Ganyu wriggles a bit, so Beidou lets go. She lowers her head next, leaving ghost kisses down Beidou’s torso and the hard planes of her stomach, before steeling herself to gaze up at her shadowed face from between her still-spread thighs.

“Wh—”

“Can I—” Her lips glisten. “Can I please...”

Beidou fixes her hand in Ganyu’s hair and—what

else—grins. “Please.”

“Mm...”

She knows Beidou has had other lovers, and her experience would outnumber even if Ganyu were twice as many centuries old—but if there is something amateur in the way she wraps her lips around Beidou’s clit like she’s only seen her own, legs open in front of her bedroom mirror when she was drunk and curious and could feel nothing but her cunt aching, or something sloppy in the way she zigzags her tongue down to Beidou’s pussy, whimpers and swallows around the wetness pouring into her mouth...

Beidou doesn’t so much moan as she sighs, her breathing fogging up heavier and heavier. Ganyu feels the jade toy nudging its way back inside her opening and slows, then stills, then turns her head slow as honey to look over her shoulder.

Ningguang is still there. Flushed, like a sunset is suffusing her cheeks. Her eyes flash in the lamplight, which is fast fading. They meet Ganyu’s.

“I’m sorry,” she whispers. She plants a kiss on Ganyu’s shoulderblade that lands someplace between a feather touch of the lips and a proper claiming, the kind that leaves a bruise. “I didn’t want to be mean to you, my

sweet girl—it was never my intention to...”

Ganyu drops her gaze, then immediately looks back up. The opal necklace swings from her neck, but Ningguang isn’t watching it, isn’t even watching Beidou now or the way Beidou is watching them both. That nearly makes Ganyu weep all over again.

“Give me as much as I can take,” Ganyu whispers. She doesn’t want to be cogent enough to put a sentence together, but then ecstatic disbelief breaks across Ningguang’s face and suddenly she doesn’t mind as much, doesn’t mind any of it as much. She rolls her shoulder and finishes, “Give me more than even that.”

Ningguang sighs, sounding faraway. “Sweet thing,” she repeats, then plunges in.

They keep fucking each other like that, Ningguang into Ganyu and Ganyu with her tongue into Beidou, and none of them are quite sure when someone grabs onto someone’s arm and says, *Let’s flip*, and they do. And with Ningguang pumping the toy fast, faster until she is outright bullying Ganyu, tits rubbing against Ganyu’s back with each thrust and her free hand pinching and pulling Ganyu’s own candy-red nipples one at a time—Ganyu grinding her cunt against Beidou’s, Beidou lying beneath her, wet enough to melt—with the heat overwhelming her senses, still she

manages to think, had she ever even lived before being touched?

“You can fuck us both,” Ningguang says, and Ganyu floods at the breathy strain in her voice, “any time you like. Our sweet thing.”

“Our light,” Beidou agrees, and it’s too much: She moans, or Ganyu does, or they all do. “I can’t,” she whines, partly out loud and partly in her head, *I can’t, I can’t, I’m going to die*—before someone kisses her quiet and white smothers her vision like a velvet snowstorm.

~

...

...

Today was a good day.

~

Mist proliferates in morning and scatters come noon.

Ganyu had woken up full for once, knowing even in half-consciousness that, come century’s end, whatever she feels now she can only dream of ever feeling again. So she had plucked Beidou’s arm from

around her waist, left Ningguang sleeping on her side—kissed them both on their eyelids—then a hasty departure for the river, taking an apple from a courtyard tree on her way.

She has to hold down the open page of her notebook to keep it in place. A chill over the water portends autumn, but she doesn’t shiver. Should have brought a coat, maybe, not that it’s worth going back now. Already, the fruits in the courtyard have swollen to bursting; the leaves rustle and it’s like a death rattle.

The women holding her through the night were real, but not—not so real that their return to being ordinary lovers, the gates of their relationship swinging back shut after the detour of a fling, should make her feel anything.

Isn’t that right?

It doesn’t feel right, least of all to herself.

So what can Ganyu do? She kicks her legs out and sighs, cries, bawls until she’s howling out to no one. She can’t stop once she starts, and she thinks, to hell with it, I’ll scream forever—but then something howls back, closer and closer, and the howls become her name.

“Ganyu! Little Ganyu!”

Ah.

Ganyu is sitting by herself and then she's not: Beidou sprawls in the grass with her bag thrown off to the side. Once it looks certain that Beidou is going nowhere, Ganyu manages, "Hello." Hello, but nothing more.

"Little Ganyu," Beidou says, "I didn't know you still had that much of a scream left in you!"

"That—"

"Oh, I'm just messing around!" And she slaps Ganyu on the back but keeps her hand there afterward, braced right on the small of it.

"But really," she says, her hold steady, her voice too soft—"how are you feeling?"

Ganyu wants to laugh. It would be hollow. "Fine, after all that. A little sore." Her fingers tighten around the apple, barely bitten. "A little hungry, too, so I just..."

Beidou claps her hands once. "Oh, that's right!" She passes the bag to Ganyu, who looks at her quizzically before taking out the box inside and opening that.

Immediately, steam warms her—an aroma richer than

anything she's had in nights. Four xiaolongbao, arranged in a square.

"It's not real meat," Beidou supplies; she must have noticed Ganyu's disbelief, still gazing down as she is into the box. "But if you don't want them, that's fine! We can get you something else."

"Oh, no!" And there goes Ganyu's little rabbitheart, fluttering and fluttering. "This is—really, this is. Thank you, Beidou. They look delicious."

Beidou just smiles, for once.

So Ganyu eats, takes every bite slow as if she's being hand-fed. She offers a piece to Beidou who, odd for her, shakes her head and looks on as Ganyu finishes the first of the bao.

"Is Ningguang still asleep?" she asks after she puts the box away, though they both know she's talking just to talk.

Beidou startles out of whatever reverie she's in just to scoff. "You'd think! Oh, she'd hardly look at me all morning—all 'Is Ganyu feeling alright? Where did Ganyu go, has Ganyu had anything to eat? How does Ganyu manage, eating alone every day?'"

“O-oh. Really?”

“Yes! She talks about you and how hard you work every time she sees me, you know, and it drives me crazy that she won’t just ask *you*. For the love of the gods, the woman followed me here, and she still thinks she’s being discreet!”

Ganyu tries very hard to generate any thought at all in response to that.

Beidou turns and calls to a thicket of maples, “You can come out n—”

“Alright, alright, you’ve made your point clear enough,” says a voice Ganyu has never heard this sheepish, and out Ningguang steps with only a cloak over last night’s gown.

“Ning...?”

“Good morning, Ganyu, I’m glad you’re feeling well.” She’s barefoot, too, Ganyu notices as Ningguang sits on her other side, her undone hair curtaining her turned-away face.

“I’m glad you’re here too,” Ganyu returns. It wasn’t what Ningguang had said. It doesn’t matter. “Were... were the bao your idea? Thank you, if so.”

“Winter will hurry up and get here before she’ll admit

to having feelings.” Beidou yawns, but there is a grin underneath it. She points to the notebook in Ganyu’s lap, maybe to spare Ningguang what dignity the morning hasn’t already torn from her. “Are those yours? *Today was...* did you write this? A diary?”

Ganyu can’t help it: she smiles. “Yeah. There are notes about everything in here. Some pictures, too. It’s a habit I picked up as soon as paper became affordable.”

“Not a bad habit to have at all. Is there a lot about me in there?”

There would be, were the bulk of her lovesickness not shamefully in her head. “A little.”

“You flatter me, Little Ganyu.”

“A little too much, it seems.”

“Oh, now you just sound like—”

“She’s right here!”

Ningguang’s shoulders twitch. No response, except to reach a hand behind her. Ganyu lays her own palm over it, and Beidou quickly leans across them to do the same.

“Are you leaving soon?” she asks faintly, meaning the captain on a voyage, meaning everything else.

A couple families have arrived around them by now, making their slow ascent up the bank in the distance. From all the way over here, their laughter sounds like the bell of a clock tower, exactly as far away as it should be.

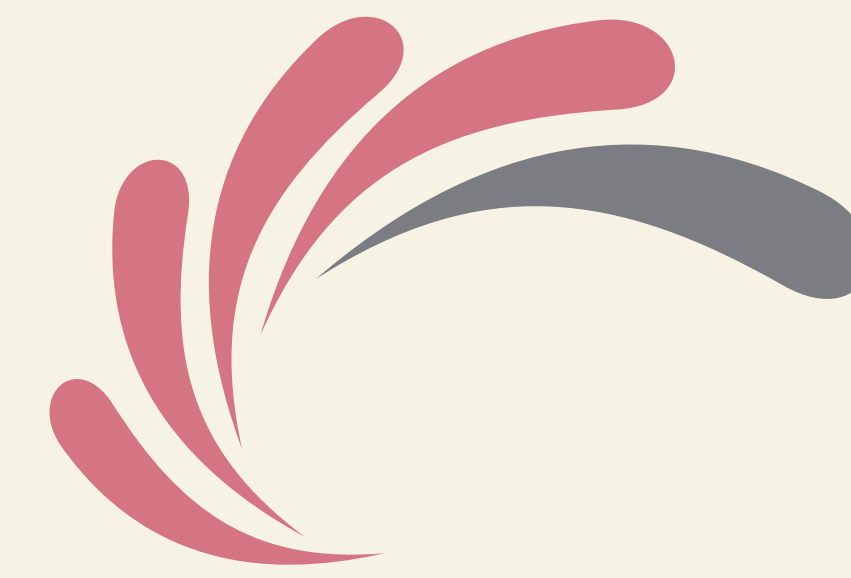
“I’ll be back before autumn proper starts,” Beidou says on an exhale. “I’ll bring back mooncakes. I’ll bring back whatever jewels I find. I’ll always come back, you know, and I’ve got two lovely ladies who’ll kill me if anything more than a papercut happens to me.”

It embarrasses Ganyu, how fast her mind catches on that part. “Two?”

Beidou looks at her like she just asked her to waltz. “Are you telling me you want to say no?”

Ganyu wills her smile not to shatter into a grin. Fails, and starts breathlessly to laugh, delicate for only a second before she’s beside herself. Even Ningguang has turned to them with her free hand over her mouth, their fingers curled over each other’s, their faces bare in crescendoing light and tired and the most beautiful thing that hasn’t killed her yet.

“I’d never dream of it,” Ganyu says, wanting, and it really is nothing like prayer.



what a mess

by Lixolu | ship: Keqing/Ningguang

content tags: past enemies, overwork, fingering, top ningguang, feisty keqing, explicit consent

Frantic thoughts, scrambled mind, ruffled hair.

Frayed nerves, sore feet, and eyelids begging to close...

It’s the first time Keqing is in charge of Lantern Rite, and nothing can, nothing *will* go wrong.

She’s running on performance anxiety, an obscene amount of matcha, and a wild mix of herbal medicines that help keep Keqing awake and hustling. She works day and night with near superhuman speed, but her nemesis in a form of the to-do list resists her efforts easily, growing faster than her daily agenda could ever stretch.

Restless, Keqing recites her next tasks. Check-in with the organizers of the origami contest. Inspect the firecrackers quality. Meet with the Millelith to arrange for additional guard posts. Oh, and she still needs to settle the invoices with the merchants who just delivered a batch of souvenirs – this year, a yellow

tiger, Ningguang's personal favorite. Not that Keqing had anything to do with that. If she had a chance to pick a figurine, it would have been a cute, napping kitten, not a ferocious predator. But since she had to miss the meeting to attend three others, Ningguang made the choice in her stead. Given everything they went through, Keqing decided to acquiesce rather than try to object, also because the Tianquan likely wouldn't listen anyways.

Ugh, she got side-tracked again! Keqing pulls her frail focus back to the colossal list of work that must be giving her worry lines at this point. Where was she again...? Firecrackers, security, merchants, origami, oh and the lantern workshop, and... A sudden glimpse of a familiar shadow disappearing behind a nearby building interrupts her course of thought once more, causing her step to stumble. ...Great, just wonderful. Of course, something just had to complicate her already hectic week. That weird fellow has been tailing her all these past days, and she will need to look into that too.

Most people would complain about an unreasonable workload, but not Keqing. Instead, she chooses to be grateful for the opportunity to rise to the challenge, and the Yuheng shall not fail the expectations of her fellow Qixing or the hopes of the people of Liyue. She suffers from neither sloth nor lack of ambition. Just from scarcity of time and... inconvenient but

persistent fatigue. If only she hasn't rejected the Traveler's help earlier...

But she can't think like that, in fact she can't be thinking about herself at all. There is just too much to do, and if she slows down even for a second, Keqing will be swallowed up by an ever-growing swamp of tasks, and this Lantern Rite will go down in history as the Yuheng's grandest failure.

So she straightens up her dress once more, puts another layer of concealer underneath her eyes, and finds that tone that sends all her assistants running to *finally* complete their jobs.

Time flies while she's at work, and yet a dozen sorted errands brings no sense of relief because there are about four dozen more. By mid-day, her thoughts are so jumbled, she wouldn't be surprised if people saw smoke coming out of her ears. Fortunately, every person she meets in the halls of Yuehai Pavilion keeps their thoughts to themselves – even more so, they avert their eyes and speed up their pace lest Keqing begin to lecture them on the importance of hard work.

But Keqing doesn't quite feel like dealing with anybody right now: her anxiety levels are through the roof thanks to the fact that she forgot to bring the record forms and a fire safety manual for her next meeting with the amateur pyrotechnicians who requested

permits for a self-made show. The more tired her mind gets, the more forgetful Keqing becomes – a simple, incontrovertible and frustrating fact. Now, she will have to skip lunch to find the needed paperwork in order to still make it on time for their appointment, especially since there is no option to reschedule. But when frenzied Keqing bursts into the empty archive room, the sight sinks her spirits.

Fucking perfect. Some brute has ravaged through the records, leaving a complete mess for everybody else to arduously sort through. Again. This isn't the first time that shockingly inconsiderate creature has wreaked havoc into an abode of tidiness and order. Why now, why did it have to happen to her? It'll be an enormous pain to find anything now, let alone some documents that are only used on festive occasions. Taking a closer look at the disarrayed sections, Keqing swears under her breath – the chaos seems to concentrate *exactly* around the area she needs. Jumping outside, she finds the nearest available assistant and barks out an order to a terrified-looking young man. In a rush to put as much distance between himself and the aggravated Yuheng, he disappears at once to pass along the message that she is running late as Keqing returns to the room and begins to ruffle through a myriad of papers, doing her best to calm down. Looking for a semblance of previous organization, she soon gets so focused on her search that her ears entirely miss the

quiet shuffle of heels on the carpet and the dull sound of the door closing shut.

“Hey there, kitten.” The cheeky, husky greeting makes Keqing jerk slightly in surprise and whip around to find a self-satisfied smile and a pair of bright ruby eyes twinkling with a playful glint. “Aren't you quite jumpy?”

“Ningguang.” Just as quickly as she's whipped around, Keqing turns back to the scrolls. “How did you know I was here?”

“A well-compensated set of eyes.”

“What do you...?” Keqing begins to question the ambiguity of Ningguang's answer before the meaning fully reaches her. “Wait, did you send someone to spy on me?”

“Spy? There is hardly a need to resort to such charged accusations.” Ningguang casually responds, without even a hint of conscience in her admission. “I merely sent them to see how you're handling the pressure.”

All these lurking shadows now make a lot of sense, and the realization sets Keqing's blood boiling. She was worried for nothing: her tails were simply the product of Ningguang's infuriating tricks to entertain herself

at the expense of others.

“I am handling it fine, *thanks* for your concern.” Keqing answers coolly and with zero pings of guilt. Her irritation with the Tianquan’s way of ‘doing business’ is as old as their rocky work relationship. Likewise, the Yuheng’s attitude is nothing Ningguang isn’t used to.

She’s finished looking through the entire shelf, and yet the records are nowhere to be found. Keqing likely overlooked them because of the intrusion and the talking. Suppressing a growl, she starts her search over, feeling a sharp gaze peering into the back of her head, observing her motions.

A few moments of silence pass between them, interrupted only by the shuffling and flopping of stacks of papers as Keqing once more rummages through the cross-referenced ‘fire-festivity’ section like the savage who has left this mayhem. Not counting on an offer of help from the businesswoman, she hopes Ningguang would leave her to it, but the Tianquan wouldn’t be Tianquan without her persistence.

“Perhaps, I can help you distress a bit.” There is a ring of wily amusement in Ningguang’s voice just like when she used to tease Keqing about something the Yuheng didn’t understand.

“Distress?” She echoes mindlessly, dismissing the proposal instantly. Just thinking of rest makes Keqing feel more stressed out. “No, thanks, I’ve got plenty of herbal potions for that.”

“Actually, what I had in mind is a rather unconventional method...”

Keqing rolls her eyes, continuing her search and ignoring Ningguang’s useless prattle. Whatever nonsense she is sprouting this time, the Yuheng doesn’t have time for it.

Keqing isn’t always so rude – in fact, Ningguang and she have made conscious effort in handling their distaste for each other in a respectful manner. Gone are the days when their arguments got so heated, they turned to insults, and soon everyone figured out that ‘greedy pig’ and ‘judgmental shrew’ don’t sound so good in the government halls. Eventually it became so unbearable to work together, that the rest of the Qixing had to intervene. Both Keqing and Ningguang were outraged at the ‘recommended’ (khm, forced) and frankly illogical measures – insisting they work together on every single project seemed so counterintuitive that the Yuheng and the Tianquan found common ground for the first time.

And neither could dispute how effective the punishment was. Being locked in together for 10+

hours a day certainly worked miraculously because ripping out each other's throats was the only alternative to getting along. Eventually, emotion subsided and several bottles of wine (and often something much stronger) later, they were finally able to reach some understanding. A few more drinking-intensive weeks, and voila! The result was impressive: two mature women, capable of disagreeing without idealizing murder.

But the initial progress seemingly opened the door to a new and uncertain stage in their relationship: when all hate was overcome, softer sentiments swooped in. Before the preparations for Lantern Rite started, and the Yuheng lost her mind trying to keep up, they were tethering on a verge of something... confusing, titillating, and eager to be explored. She had no idea what was on Ningguang's mind, but for her part, Keqing decided not to dwell on the nature of this development much, favoring hard facts over fallible judgment. The stirring, palpitations-inducing questions still surfaced in her mind at times, but Keqing insistently dismissed them, convincing herself that she was just overthinking as always.

Right when Keqing is about to remind herself of the necessary manners towards the Tianquan, Ningguang's unbelievable audacity wipes that idea off her mind.

"You see, my idea is that if you are to do it all, someone needs to do you." The indecent theory is delivered in that same calm, amused and slightly hoarse voice as if this is a completely ordinary conversation to have with your colleague.

"What?!" The bold proposal finally gets Keqing to react as she whips around once more, staring into Ningguang's face in disbelief. Her heart starts to race at the idea, and her legs suddenly feel weak. She doesn't even know how to feel yet.

"How long has it been?" Is she really serious or is this another one of the Tianquan's insensitive jokes that Keqing will never understand?!

"Uhm-khm," Keqing chokes on her tongue and blushes, stunned by such a forthright manner of coming on. "That's none of your business."

"More than half a year then?" Ningguang chuckles knowingly, making Keqing so flustered she can't even deny the Tianquan's estimate.

"I certainly won't be divulging about my personal life with such a pervert like you." Still disoriented, Keqing calls onto the well-practiced spite, attempting to fake a semblance of composure. Her pessimistic suspicions tell her that Ningguang is riling her up on purpose,

just like she used to in the tempestuous Qixing meetings. So much for the strides they've made.

"And what exactly makes me a pervert, pray tell?" Ningguang returns, unbothered by the insult,

"Well, I've heard about what you and..." Keqing recalls some juicy rumors she's heard from the secretaries that involve the Tianquan and a certain, troublesome captain. But when her face erupts into flames at the recollection, Keqing drops the idea of shaming someone as shameless as Ningguang. "Ugh, never mind."

"Jealous?" Struggling to find a respectable answer, Keqing can only think about how that smirk makes Ningguang's lips look infuriating and delicious at the same time.

"You wish."

"I do wish." Not breaking their gaze, Ningguang answers all her questions with a simple admission as the red in her eye darkens. "Haven't you figured that out yet?"

Up until now, Keqing seriously thought Ningguang just came to mess with her head, to taunt her as some sort of comeback for all these months of ceasefire.

"I... khmm-ghm.." Just like that, Keqing loses her ability to produce coherent speech. Her intuition indeed did not fool her: Ningguang really has been after her this whole time. Her first reaction is glee, making her feel nervous and giggly. That's exactly what she has been secretly hoping for too, even if she never let herself admit so. Deep down, Keqing has always known that the name of that dizzying and warm feeling is a crush.

She just chose to ignore it, partially because of their past. She still remembers how horrible the Tianquan was to her before, her mind replaying the passive-aggressive comments and backhanded compliments. But another part of her wants their hostility abandoned or "put to bed" as Ningguang would wittingly remark if she could hear the debate in the Yuheng's head.

And another, more intimate side wants Keqing to...

"I... really don't have the time, Ning." She mumbles with an apologetic note that hopefully softens the rejection, even though her entire being is begging Keqing to find that time instead. The regret in her voice and a longing look at the curve of Ningguang's hips probably makes her excuse sound entirely unconvincing. She doesn't even move from the spot, her previous task already forgotten.

“What’s next on your agenda?” Unfazed, Ningguang flicks a dust particle off the shelf as nonchalantly as if they were still discussing casual business. “I’ll take care of whatever that is, if you let me take care of you.”

Well.... That, yes, that would be quite helpful. Not because Keqing will get enough time to have sex, but because she truly is in dire need for help.

And... she really does want this to happen. The unashamed proposal has sparked a pang of lust between her legs, her quick mind already finding ways to get more done tomorrow so she could enjoy the now. That part of her that is so eager to give into the enticing offer – the one she has subconsciously been waiting for – makes Keqing wish she could just forget all about her responsibilities and be selfish.

She’s sacrificed so much: for the Qixing, for Liyue, for the Lantern Rite. Can’t she ever just have what she wants?

“Uhm...” She pretends to think about it, even though her mind is already made up. “Sure, yeah.”

That’s all she needs to say for Ningguang to flash a smile that makes Keqing a little dizzy, and her chest tugs in pleasant anticipation when the blonde

saunters over to her side, trapping the Yuheng against a mahogany desk. The older woman grasps Keqing’s chin, lifting it up and meeting their gaze. The Yuheng finds nothing but pure desire in the ruby gems and knows her amethysts mirror that exact same fire, as she nervously licks her lips, trembling in excitement.

Then, without hesitation, Ningguang pushes their lips together. It’s swift and decisive, just how Ningguang is at everything, and Keqing wishes for nothing different. The fervor and greed with which Ningguang is savoring her lips makes it evident just how long she has been holding back. Feeling the heat rise between them, Keqing answers just as needily, wondering why they have never done this before.

Because they totally should have. If only they had known how good each other’s lips would feel, they probably would have fucked much sooner. Settling their differences this way would have been a much more pleasant alternative to all these yelling matches that left them disgruntled and drained.

The next few minutes are a blur, lost in the heat of the moment. So is her dress and any hesitation she might have held onto as Ningguang pushes her against the desk, pressing their bodies together and sweeping a bunch of papers off the desk to make room. Not caring about the fact that they are making even more of a

mess out of this place, Keqing pushes herself against the finest silk, and as much as she wishes to feel Ningguang's skin too, she won't be one to complain when she is finally getting what she so long desired.

That is until she's flipped around, her stomach crashing onto the cold surface of the wood, hip bones digging painfully into the edge of the red wood.

"Hey!" Keqing exclaims indignantly. "You can't just—"

Ningguang sneaks a hand deep into her hair and pulls on the strands slightly – just enough to send a shiver down her spine and make her gasp, stopping short of the pain.

"Any more questions why I chose this position?" Her other hand ghosts over the curve of her ass, sneaking under the band of her tights, which makes Keqing lose all her will to protest.

"Fuck..." She mumbles, closing her eyes and resting her forehead on the cool wood. "No."

The wetness between her legs makes her realize how much she needs this – more than she could ever think. Keqing can already feel the fire burning in the low of her belly and the arousal staining her tights as she squirms impatiently, biting her tongue to keep herself from begging. Fortunately, the cool air is finally

replaced with exploring hands, and when Ningguang finds the heat between her legs, it's embarrassing how much there is, but it's also not. Shouldn't it feel more like a compliment, a testament to how much Keqing wants her touch?

Ningguang seems to think so too, humming in approval and pulling her tights down, tossing unneeded fabric aside. Leaving one hand to toy with her hair, Ningguang grasps Keqing's inner thigh with another and pulls her leg up so that her knee rests on the table, propping her ass up. It's not the most comfortable position, but Keqing couldn't care less for comfort at the moment.

"Oh, please..." The thought of how exposed she is turns her on even more as Keqing squirms under the gaze that's eating her alive. She must be offering a fantastic view for the Tianquan, and Keqing revels in knowing that their first time will leave quite an impression on her too.

"What's that?" The blonde's usual amusement is well-mixed with sultry arousal, indicating how deeply affected her new lover is too.

"Ningguang." Keqing balances somewhere between a command and a plea. "Touch me already."

As stubborn as she is, Ningguang thankfully obeys. It's

exploratory yet decisive, as her slender fingers travel around and over her lips to the slightly swollen clit before gravitating back to her pulsating entrance that's begging to be taken and filled. Keqing fidgets once more, hoping that her impatience will give away her desire without needing to completely reduce herself into a needy mess. Luckily, her hint gets across as Ningguang understands her request, removing her rings before slowly pushing two middle fingers into the waiting heat. The feeling of fullness brings as much relief as it feeds the craving for more, and she begins to rock herself on deft fingers, drawing closer and closer to a long overdue oblivion.

Keqing can feel how turned on Ningguang is too, by the heat that's radiating from her body, her uncharacteristic cooperativeness, and the way the Tianquan sharply sucks in the air when the Yuheng purrs under her, feeling her orgasm building. Their closeness, the firm grip in her hair, the lewd sounds, and the thought of the unlocked door fuels the searing pleasure, making Keqing slowly lose her mind.

For a second, the Yuheng wonders how this would have felt had they still been enemies, and the idea spurs her on even more. If only her past, contempt-filled self knew that she'll be riding Ningguang's fingers in three months' time and enjoying it as much as she does golden shrimp balls. And yet, their history

makes their union feel hard-earned and meaningful, as the two polar opposites come together in a whirl of desire and indulgence. There is proof in this very moment: Keqing can sense sweet tenderness as well as determination to mercilessly fuck her to completion in Ningguang's every touch, and the Yuheng rewards her efforts with shallow breaths and quiet yet needy moans. As Ningguang mutters some indecipherable praise, her index finger finds her clit, circling it firmly, and Keqing suddenly feels that she's much closer than she realized.

The next few thrusts and strokes push Keqing higher and deeper into a realm of euphoria as the blood pounds in her ears and her vision fades, as her open lips get dry, her breaths quickening and her sounds becoming whinier. It's perfect and right, and it's nearly there, and yet it's *almost* enough. The pace is steady and resolute and nearly too slow, making her tremble and desperately crave more. And Keqing is so worked up that she just can't handle being on the edge a second longer.

"Please..." Keqing half-says, half-moans, her painted nails scratching the polished wood surface and wishing it was Ningguang's skin. "More."

Another finger curves and reaches for her other hole, and delicious pressure over her asshole combined

with a precise stroke over the sensitive clit pushes her into an overdrive as the tension in her body crystallizes and shatters. It's a deep yet intense release, the one that makes her forget all about work, about the Qixing and Liyue because nothing but pleasure exists now, flowing through her mind.

As Ningguang wrings out every last drop of her release, Keqing plunges down in silence, using all her energy to feel the delightful symphony playing through her body and releasing a mountain of tension, soothing her nerves. Allowing her muscles to relax, Keqing doesn't rush the feeling to the end, taking as much as time as the pleasure needs to subside and permit her sense of reality to return. The light, appreciative strokes over her back greet her, and she already knows that a very familiar, satisfied smile is curving Ningguang's lips.

"You were right." Still hazy enough not to care about feeding the Tianquan's ego, Keqing mumbles her gratitude. "I needed that."

"Anytime you need help, dear." Ningguang coos as Keqing gets up from the compromising position and turns to sit on the desk, her eyes searching for her discarded dress. She's just about to offer the same favor in return when Ningguang extracts the papers Keqing has been looking for this entire time (apart from the last fifteen minutes, of course.) "Now, were

you looking for these records? I got them for you."

"What?! It was you who made such a mess out of this room?!" Keqing exclaims, outraged. In seconds, the intimate moment they were sharing before this revelation is gone and they are back to bickering. As if they really could ever change.

"Are you already getting worked up again?" Ningguang calmly wonders, making a show of wiping her fingers over her ridiculously expensive Qipao. "Need another round?"

"No, seriously!" Keqing jumps up, yanking the papers out of the Tianquan's hand and hastily putting her dress back on, not noticing how it's inside out. "Do you even know how much time I've wasted and how late I am?"

"How rude of you to call this a waste." Ningguang folds her hands across her chest, feigning indignation. "Before exploding up on me, take a look at them."

Keqing fully intends to explode, stopping just long enough to glance at the papers and what she sees quells her storming rage at once. There is Ningguang's elegant writing on them. This year. The name of the show organizer, the seal, the copies of permits... the works.

“Oh, you...” Keqing is now much more quiet, feeling a tinge of embarrassment spread over her cheeks as Ningguang watches her in amusement, shifting to sit on the desk and crossing her slender legs. “You’ve filled them out already.”

“I did, indeed. I thought you would need a little more convincing to take some personal time.” Taking in the Yuheng’s disheveled state, Ningguang flashes a cocky, appreciative smile. “Evidently, I was wrong.”

Keqing snorts at the stab, coming up with retribution at once. “Wonderful. Then, you’re just in time to finish the price negotiations with the food stall merchants.” Finding another stack of papers in her bag, Keqing plops the folder onto Ningguang’s lap containing the information on all vendors.

“Excuse me?” There’s surprise on Ningguang’s immaculate features that almost make Keqing burst into laughter.

“Didn’t you say you wanted to help? And look at the mess you made out of me too.” Keqing gestures to her wrinkled dress before rearranging her tousled hair into a messy bun. “I clearly need a shower and a nap. Let me know when you’re done.”

Keqing strides to the door with confidence, fully

knowing that Ningguang is watching the sway of her hips. Just when she thought she’s finally left the Tianquan speechless, the blonde sends a wry yet kind whisper in her direction.

“Fine.” Ningguang smirks smugly. “I’m sure you very well know I’ll be expecting proper compensation.”



Lesson Learned

by elyditation | ship: Kokomi/Yae Miko

content tags: first times, cunnilingus, grinding, making out, gaining experience, mutual attraction

Kokomi wandered about Inazuma City aimlessly. She was lost in thought as her feet led her wherever her heart desired. She couldn't stop thinking about her encounter with her complicated partner, Kujou Sara.

The two were caught in a heated moment during a private meeting, and without hesitation, the two sealed their lips in a kiss. It was messy and uncoordinated, but the passion was there. Kokomi was thoroughly inexperienced in romance and intimacy, so her insecurity cut their encounter short. Since then, the two would wound up in each other's grasp more often.

Kokomi's gut instinct told her to simply read a book on the matter of romance and intimacy, but it would seem odd to the Yae Publishing House as she preferred historical books. She also understood that firsthand experience is the best way to learn, but she is embarrassed. Kokomi has no one to speak of this to, and she couldn't imagine bringing it up to anyone.

"Lady Sangonomiya!" Kuro called out to Kokomi as she grew closer to the publishing house. "You're here earlier than usual. Have you run out of books to read?"

"Oh, N-no, nothing really. Just wanted to see any new releases!" Kokomi babbled, not wanting to admit why she was actually there.

"Well, Guuji Yae will be stopping by shortly to drop off her edits and more. Why don't you stick around to get a personalized pick from her?" Kuro offered, which didn't sound like a horrible idea to Kokomi. Guuji Yae was another woman, so it wouldn't feel as awkward to divulge her true intentions.

Who knows how long truly passed as Kokomi found herself nose deep in a historically accurate book detailing unusual battle strategies. Never did she tune in to the footsteps creeping up behind her.

"Look who we have here," A suave voice filtered through Kokomi's thoughts, and pristinely manicured nails plucked the book from her grasp.

"Guuji Yae!" Kokomi hurriedly bowed. "Sangonomiya Kokomi, Head Priestess of the Watatsumi Shrine and-"

"I know of you, princess. Your troops held their ground against Narukami's forces, which is very commendable. I assume that island of yours is just as

dainty and cutesy as you are?” Yae cut her off to prevent Kokomi from rambling on even further.

“Um- I’m-”

“Kidding, kidding. What brings you here today? I’ve dropped off my materials and am quite starved. Join me for lunch?” Kokomi couldn’t refuse the offer. Something about the smirk pulling at the Guuji’s lips made her reluctant to decline.

“Of course! It’s... kind of embarrassing why I’m here, though.” Kokomi gnawed at her lip as they made their way to the restaurant just inside the city.

“No need to be shy. I’m sworn to secrecy as a Priestess, as you know. Whatever you say stays between us, no need to worry about me stirring up the rumor pot.” Yae opened the door to the restaurant, letting Kokomi in first. “I have reservations here at precisely this time. It would be embarrassing if I were late for the first time in centuries.”

“You come here that often?”

“Why, yes. Delicious tofu and ramen are hard to turn down. The table most likely has my usual food prepared as well. I eat quite enough that I can share just this once, princess.” Yae winked at the blushing girl before heading up the stairs.

Just at Yae had anticipated, steaming hot food was prepared for them. Yae shut the sliding door behind them.

“They won’t bother us with the door shut, so speak to your heart’s content.”

“Well...” Kokomi could feel her entire face heating up. “I was looking for... Adult books.”

“There is probably some erotica in the shop that can be asked for. We naturally don’t have it on display. Any specific reason you’re looking for it?” Yae’s voice wasn’t sarcastic nor judgmental, it seemed she could sense Kokomi’s nervousness.

“Um... I’m... I was in a situation,” Kokomi groaned into her hands.

“Oh? What type of situation, might I ask? I’m quite nosy,” Yae’s eye’s narrowed subtly as Kokomi grew more impatient. The intensity of her stare made Kokomi’s heart race.

“I have no experience and I don’t know what to do in sexual situations.”

She finally blurted it out and admitted it to herself verbally. Kokomi was unnerved by the silence that followed, but thankfully there was no laughter or teasing.

“I see. Is your partner uncomfortable with you being inexperienced, or is it your own insecurities?” Yae asked. She placed down her chopsticks to fully pay attention to Kokomi. “You shouldn’t feel too uncomfortable talking to them about it, but it’s a reasonable concern.”

“She’s great and all, I’m just nervous beyond belief anytime things get remotely spicy. I’m worried I won’t be able to deliver on anything.” Kokomi sighs, toying with her hair.

“Wouldn’t first-hand experience be better? You can always just have fun the first time, getting to know each other’s bodies and what you like.”

“I don’t know...” Kokomi just wanted the ground to swallow her whole.

“What if I assisted you?” Yae said.

Kokomi blanked for several seconds trying to process her words. “Assisted?”

“You’re very attractive so I don’t mind one bit being the one to show you the ropes. Don’t feel pressured to answer me right now, however. You can show up at the shrine after sunset and I’ll be there in case you arrive.”

The rest of lunch was comfortable. The air had completely cleared around Kokomi and Yae only a few seconds after the topic was brought up. Perhaps it was Yae’s way of keeping conversations light and meaningless throughout the remainder of their lunch. It eased Kokomi’s mind but did not untangle the knots forming in her stomach.

She couldn’t help but be nervous. It felt rebellious in a way, to be thinking of herself. Leaving Watatsumi in the care of General Gorou and the others for a bit wasn’t careless, they could protect the island just fine. The other priestesses also knew how to take care of the nightly shrine rituals. Kokomi knew some time to herself couldn’t hurt.

The walk up to the Grand Narukami Shrine felt endless. However, the path in the evening was beautiful. Sakura blooms gleamed brilliant magenta, the chirping sounds of Onikabuto, and the smell of fresh naku weed and sweet flowers created a welcoming environment. Perhaps this is how visitors felt when visiting the Watatsumi Shrine. At least, that’s what Kokomi hopes.

“Oh, you must be Priestess Kokomi of Watatsumi Island! Guuji Yae asked me to keep an eye out for you.” A young shrine maiden greeted Kokomi warmly. “She

said she would be by the fortune stand, just follow the path around this building and you should see her!"

"Thank you." Kokomi bowed her head slightly in thanks before taking off.

"Oh, this book." Kokomi could hear Yae trail off with a sigh. "This one won't do. Too tame. You can do better Inagi, this is for leisure reading not for promotion."

"Then this one should suit your taste."

Kokomi rounded the corner to see Yae skimming through a few pages in the book that another shrine maiden had given her.

"This one will do. It seems well used, which is always a good sign. I'll take it off your hands for the evening. You may continue with your duties. Please keep everyone away from my quarters." Yae looked up to meet Kokomi's gaze. "I have some things to attend to."

Inagi stole a peek at Kokomi before scurrying away with a grin.

"I see you decided to take me up on the offer. Would you like some tea first?" Yae extended her hand towards Kokomi who hesitantly grabbed it with her own.

"Yes, please."

"I see you're squirming trying to read this chapter, Kokomi," Yae cooed at the woman sitting across from her. Yae slid her the book Inagi found and told her to read a bit while they drank some tea.

Kokomi had clearly made it to one of the many sex scenes within the book. Her flushed face, gently bitten lips, and inability to sit still gave it away.

"It's just- It's- Uhm- Well written!" Kokomi said.

"If a book is getting you this hot and bothered perhaps we may not even need the foreplay. Was this too much for you, princess?" Yae trailed her long and slender fingers across the smooth skin of Kokomi's arm.

Kokomi sighed heavily, dropping her head onto the book.

"Look at me," Yae ordered gently. Kokomi obliged. "I want to watch you fall apart, and I can only do that if you look at me."

Yae stood up, slowly making her way over to the seat next to Kokomi. As she sat down, Yae traced Kokomi's jawline with a feather-light touch.

"Do tell if you grow uncomfortable with anything I do,"

Yae whispered before sealing Kokomi's lips in a kiss.

It started softly, a mere exchange of touch. Yae did not want to overwhelm Kokomi just yet. Yae could still feel the stiffness in Kokomi's body as she dragged her hands up the smaller woman's back, pressing her closer to her chest.

Kokomi moaned at the closeness, bringing up her hands, but hesitating.

"You may touch me. Indulge every once and a while, princess," Yae said. Yae brought Kokomi's hands to her breasts, encouraging her to grope and massage the flesh beneath her fingers. Yae tugged Kokomi onto her lap, her legs straddling the coy fox's hips. Yae massaged Kokomi's thighs, slowly making her way up the soft expanse of skin as their kisses grew deeper.

A particularly hard squeeze from Kokomi earned a gasp from Yae, and with a brief moment of confidence, Kokomi lapped into Yae's mouth. Yae hummed but wasn't complaining

Yae leaned back to press kisses down Kokomi's neck which earned a whine from Kokomi, but nothing had quite surprised her yet. Yae dragged one hand up Kokomi's toned abdomen and over her chest, before harshly tugging down the front of Kokomi's dress. A surprised gasp followed by a loud moan once Yae

pulled at one of her rosy nipples was enough reward.

Yae leaned forward, wrapping her lips around the swollen bud. Kokomi gripped her fingers into Yae's hair, pulling once the kitsune began to suckle and nip at her chest.

"Guuji Yae!" Kokomi whined, trying to rut against anything for some relief.

"Now, now." Yae pulled away from Kokomi's chest, letting a trail of saliva stretch back with her. Kokomi moaned at the sight. "Enjoy yourself."

"I'm so-" Kokomi trailed off into a whine. "*Please* touch me already." Kokomi pushed at Miko's robes to gather them between her breasts and stared in awe at the sight before her.

"Stand up and strip off your clothes. Then lay back on the bed." Yae pointed towards her bed once Kokomi stood from her lap. When Kokomi saw the other woman begin to undress, she hurriedly discarded her own clothes.

Embarrassed about how aroused she was, Kokomi left her soaked panties on as she fell onto the bed.

Yae did not. Kokomi could not take her eyes off the

way Yae's body moved. She didn't have much time to fantasize before Yae wrenched Kokomi's legs apart so she could settle between them.

Kokomi tensed against Yae's grip but didn't mind the dominant display at all. Yae pressed open-mouthed kisses to the inside of Kokomi's thighs, sucking harder on the skin the closer to her hips she got.

"Look at you princess, you did not lie. Your panties are ruined." Miko dragged one finger between her clothed folds, collecting the slick that was already seeping through. She repeated the action again with another finger as Kokomi squirmed against the bed.

"Open your mouth." Kokomi obliged immediately and was rewarded with Miko's fingers covered in her own wetness. Kokomi groaned at the taste but cleaned her fingers completely.

"What a lovely darling. So eager to please. It's my turn to return the favor." Yae settled down between Kokomi's legs completely and dragged her tongue over the lacy panties.

Kokomi moaned loudly, legs shaking from where they were hooked over Yae's shoulders. Yae tugged the material aside to pleasure Kokomi directly, flicking her tongue over Kokomi's clit before softly wrapping her lips around it in a kiss. Kokomi tangled her fingers

in Yae's hair once more, a pleasant sting pulled a moan from Yae.

"Mi-ko!" Kokomi's slender thighs pressed against Yae's cheeks as she continued to get drunk off of Kokomi's taste. "Feels good, *please* don't stop."

Kokomi was panting heavily, obviously nearing her climax. Yae couldn't help but want to push her a bit further as she pushed a finger past Kokomi's slick folds to grind against her throbbing walls.

"Archon's sake, fuck me harder," Kokomi's voice was thick and raspy as she babbled. And who was Yae to deny her?

A second finger joined the first as Yae started to thrust and curl her fingers; continuing to tease her clit with her tongue. Yae's free hand reached up to grasp at Kokomi's adorably perky breasts, twisting and pulling at the bud occasionally.

Kokomi's whines grew louder and higher in pitch. When her cunt tightened around her fingers and Kokomi curled in on herself with a cry.

"Was that to your liking, princess?" Yae whispered. Kokomi's eyes opened slowly. As her vision focused, Kokomi could see Yae's tongue trailing over her fingers to savor her taste. It was everything Kokomi

could do to keep breathing.

“More than I’d like to admit,” Kokomi laughed breathily. “What about you?”

“Hm? No need to worry about me. You can sit there and be pretty while I take care of myself.” Yae smirked, enjoying the way Kokomi flushed deeply.

“You... are a menace, Guuji Yae.”



Moonlight Hymns

by Panda | ship: Rosaria/Barbara

content tags: light angst, mild exhibitionism, mild religion kink, semi-public sex, dirty talk, teasing, sex in the cathedral

For Barbara, the Favonius Cathedral has always been a place associated with happiness and peace. Even as a little girl, she had loved visiting the church with her father. Perhaps it is the soft, friendly chatter of the sisters and congregants, voices never rising above a pleasant hush. Perhaps it is the colorful light that scatters across the floor, painted there by the sun shining through the stained glass. Perhaps it is the sound of music from the organ, which resonates like a soothing balm as it soars up to that impossibly high ceiling. Whatever the reason, Barbara had always regarded the church as a sanctuary from the troubles of life, a place that sets her heart and mind at ease.

These days, however, things are different.

The problem is, as always, the person half-hidden in the darkest corner of the cathedral. There, Rosaria leans against the sandstone wall with a bored expression. Her outfit barely resembles the plain clothing most sisters wear, especially now, with her

posture exposing nearly her entire fishnet-encased thigh. Though she's across the building and thus too far away to smell, Barbara knows she reeks of smoke and the herbs she rolls into her cigarettes. Despite her title of sister, there is nothing modest or pious about her.

At first, Barbara had tried her hardest to help Rosaria, naively believing that the mysterious woman was simply shy or bad at keeping track of her duties. After all, she was new to Mondstadt, and Barbara imagined it might be hard to adjust and make new friends. Over time, however, she'd realized that Rosaria wasn't struggling from loneliness or disorganization, but was simply uninterested in the activities of the church. The other sister couldn't even remember Barbatos' name! Her patience had given way to irritation. Barbara had started learning Rosaria's hiding places around the cathedral so she could drag her along. Sometimes, when she found herself hiding in a dusty back hallway, she wondered if she was a bit too obsessed with the other woman's activities.

Unfortunately, Rosaria is surprisingly clever and good at evading detection, and Barbara is rarely able to track her down these days. It's been weeks since Rosaria last attended morning or evening prayers, and months since she showed up at hymn practice. Her absence is always noted with a sigh and shake of the head, but the superiors' disappointment makes no

difference. Even on the rare occasions when Rosaria bothers to make an appearance – typically, on the days that Barbara manages to find her – she merely stands in the corner, chain-smoking, her eyes cold and unreadable.

For some reason, Rosaria is able to set her on edge and distract her like no one else. Why is the sister so irreverent, even blasphemous, in this holy place? Why does she smoke those cigarettes, with their potent herbal scent that even overwhelms the cathedral's sacred incense? Why does she have to dress like *that*?

Barbara longs for those simple days when being in the cathedral brought her peace. She's supposed to be worshiping her archon, but the only thing on her mind is Rosaria.

~

Barbara's solution, as always, is to try to distract herself with work. In addition to taking on as many church duties as possible, she throws herself into practicing to become the best idol possible. Dance practice leaves her exhausted, but she's grateful that it makes her too tired to think.

A stray comment by her friend Noelle changes everything. The maid has been detailing the plot of her new favorite romance novel. Barbara is only paying

partial attention, distracted by how Rosaria still doesn't call Barbatos by his proper name (she's intelligent enough that she *has* to know she's saying it wrong, right?), until Noelle declares, "I think some of the most romantic stories are about characters who seem to hate each other."

"That doesn't sound romantic at all," Barbara objects, confused.

"They don't *really* hate each other. They think they do, but in truth, they are attracted to each other and can't admit it because of their differences. In the end, they overcome their disagreements and confess their love."

It seems ridiculous to her. How can someone be so ignorant of their own feelings and mistake them for dislike or annoyance? Noelle offers the book to her, promising that she will understand if she gives it a chance.

That night, Barbara reads the novel by candlelight, skeptical until she reaches the midway point. The protagonist is attempting to spy on her rival and catch her breaking the rules, but she can't stop herself from being distracted by the other woman's beauty and rebellious spirit.

Suddenly, the truth dawns on her. Barbara is just like

this oblivious protagonist, chasing around Rosaria like she's obsessed with her.

There's no way she *likes* the troublesome, sister, though. Right?

~

Although Barbara tries to deny this revelation for a few days, it proves to be impossible. It's as though a veil has been lifted from her eyes and she can no longer ignore the truth depicted so clearly before her.

Barbara hadn't given much thought to romance or sex in the past. Working as a deaconess and idol keeps her busy without the need for other distractions. Of course, she's aware that many Mondstadters would want to date her – particularly those from her fan club – but the idea of dating Albert or even Huffman has always filled her with a creeping unease.

Now, it's as though her mind is making up for lost time. Suddenly it's difficult to think about anything besides Rosaria. A glimpse of dull red out of the corner of her eye is enough to distract her from almost any task. Yet she can hardly look at Rosaria now that she aware of her attraction. Against her will, her vision is drawn to the other woman's body, and her mind is overwhelmed with thoughts of what it would be like to

touch her and kiss her. Mondstadt as a whole is a fairly open society when it comes to sex, but Barbara's family is quite traditional. The realization that she wants to touch Rosaria – and more – is a shock. It feels like she's walking around with a permanent blush at this point.

Is this what it's like to be infatuated with someone?

Thankfully, although everyone at the church notices that Barbara is suddenly clumsier and more absent-minded than usual, no one seems to suspect the reason behind it. It's a relief that Rosaria seems largely oblivious to her new admirer. At the same time, it leaves a clawing pain in Barbara's gut. In a city of people who want her attention, of course she manages to develop a crush on someone who appears wholly indifferent to her.

But Barbara has never been the type to succumb to gloomy thoughts, not for longer than a few seconds, anyway. She won't give up hope so easily. What she needs is a plan.

~

The Angel's Share is less intimidating than Barbara had imagined. Although rowdy laughter pours from the building, it's surprisingly warm inside, even cozy. The light is somewhat dim but golden, and the oak

furniture and bar feel homey and comfortable. Perhaps this won't be as bad as she feared.

Unfortunately, her hopes are almost instantly shattered when she hears an unmistakable voice cry out, "*Barbara-sama!*"

Of course Albert would be here and manage to instantly recognize her, despite the relatively subdued outfit she wears and the hat that covers her distinctive blonde hair. In just a few seconds, he is at the front of the tavern, seemingly unaware of the uncomfortable expression she is surely wearing.

"Barbara-sama! You actually came! I *knew* you would!" As always, Albert has no boundaries, leaning close enough to her that she can smell the wine on his breath. "I told the fan club that you would show up at one of our meetings eventually!"

Barbara cringes internally. This is the last problem she wants to have right now. As an idol, she can't be rude to her most loyal fans. However, she knows from experience how persistent they can be.

"We have a few tables in the back. Come with me, Barbara-sama! Everyone will be so happy to see you!" Before she can say anything, Albert grabs her by the wrist and starts pulling her to the back of the tavern. Anxiety and guilt wrestle within her stomach. She

never should have come here tonight.

Barbara is so caught up in her inner turmoil that she doesn't even notice Rosaria until she hears her voice. "You! Let go of Sister Barbara's wrist immediately."

Albert responds instantly to the sharp tone and releases his grasp. "I'm not doing anything wrong! I'm just bringing Barbara-sama to the fan club meeting!"

Clearly, Rosaria doesn't buy this excuse. With narrowed eyes, she walks straight up to Albert, who visibly gulps. Barbara can hardly blame him. She's used to the way Rosaria acts around the church, bored and indifferent. Right now, though, she looks like she's a few seconds from pulling her polearm on the man. It's incredibly intimidating, although part of her finds it strangely hot.

"Sister Barbara is here to meet me, not your fan club." Rosaria declares.

"Oh! Forgive me, Barbara-sama! I didn't realize you had other plans! I'll just be going then!" Albert scampers off in a moment, leaving them alone.

"Thanks," Barbara says, finally relaxing now that Albert has gone.

"That man is a creep. I should have kicked his ass for grabbing you, but I suspected you wouldn't like that." Now that Rosaria's gaze is turned on her, it's less scary, though still quite intense.

Barbara sighs. "I know he's very... dedicated, but please don't hurt him. He just wants to spend time with me, I suppose."

Rosaria stares directly into her eyes. "And what do *you* want to do? You don't normally come here."

To her horror, Barbara feels her cheeks turning pink. "Umm, I actually came because it's your birthday," she replies, glancing at her feet as she says it. Normally, she's not this shy, but right now she can't stand to see the expression on Rosaria's face at her words. Will she laugh, or send her back to the cathedral?

There is a moment of silence, and then Rosaria replies, "Follow me. I'm sitting over here."

When they arrive, Barbara sees only one person seated at the small table – Cavalry Captain Kaeya Alberich of the Knights of Favonius. While they aren't strangers, she knows very little about the mysterious man, and can't recall ever having a real conversation with him. Based on his presence here, however, he seems to be friendly with Rosaria.

Kaeya gives a flirty smile as they approach. “Well, if it isn’t Mondstadt’s very own idol. That was quite an entrance tonight.”

As in all her past interactions with the man, she isn’t sure how to interpret his words. Though the statements are merely neutral and factual on their face, his gaze and tone are slightly too sharp, testing.

With her typical languid movements, Rosaria takes a seat, and Barbara follows. “Enough of the mind games, Kaeya. Barbara’s just here for my birthday.”

“There’s nothing wrong with being charming, Rosaria. Maybe you should give it a shot some time.”

Rosaria’s expression remains blank. “Why don’t you go direct all that charm at Diluc like you clearly want to, and order us a round of dandelion wine?”

With a sigh and a dramatic roll of his eyes, Kaeya departs to get drinks.

Barbara shifts, feeling hesitant and shy after watching them interact. Although she works alongside Rosaria, she’s never known her like this, casually knocking back wine and sniping at her friend. Maybe it was stupid to come here, to intrude and act like they really know each other.

“So, how did you find out about my birthday?” Rosaria inquires.

Barbara hopes her cheeks don’t grow too pink. “One of the secretaries mentioned it when I asked about the work schedule for the next week.”

It’s impossible to read Rosaria’s expression as she throws back the rest of her wine.

“Umm, I got you a gift as well. I hope it wasn’t too presumptuous of me.” She hands over a bag that she had brought with her and watches nervously as Rosaria opens the present.

“Dandelion wine,” she comments. Rosaria’s expression is still fairly neutral, but Barbara thinks she can see a small smile grace her lips. “Thank you for this.”

Soon, Kaeya returns with three glasses. “I wasn’t sure what you like to drink, Barbara, so I just got you a white wine. I hope it’s to your liking.” He then seems to notice the bottle Rosaria is holding. “Dandelion wine? That looks like one of the best vintages, too.”

“You’re not getting any,” Rosaria reprimands, “This was a gift. Besides, I assume it’s easy enough to get a bottle for yourself, considering how much time you spend at the Dawn Winery these days.”

Kaeya and Rosaria fall into an easy back and forth after that, their conversation biting and clever. It's the most Barbara's ever seen the normally reserved woman talk, and probably the most relaxed she's ever appeared. Despite the amount of wine Rosaria drinks, she seems remarkably sober. The cavalry captain doesn't fare as well, his cheeks reddening as the night goes on and his chatter growing steadily more lovesick and morose. As she rarely indulges in alcohol, Barbara has been sipping slowly. It's only when she gets up to use the bathroom that she notices she's a bit tipsy.

"I should probably leave soon," she apologizes when she returns. "It's getting late, and I need to be awake early."

"Are you okay to walk back?" Kaeya asks. "Some of your fan club is still here."

"I'll go with her," Rosaria states, before she has a chance to respond.

Kaeya just raises his eyebrows, and Rosaria glares. Once again, Barbara has no idea how to interpret their exchange. Regardless, she is grateful when she leaves that Rosaria is by her side to discourage any overzealous fans.

~

When they arrive at the Favonius Cathedral, it is dark and silent. The oil lamps have all burned down by now, and one of the sisters has extinguished the candles on the massive chandeliers that hang from the high central ceiling in the nave. Outside, the moon shines brightly in the cloudless sky, sending its cool beams through the stained glass. The blue light gives the sanctuary an otherworldly glow.

It's late; they should be heading down to their beds so they can be rested for early morning prayers. Yet Barbara hesitates to move toward the altar and the stairs behind it. Perhaps it's just the wine coursing through her veins, or maybe it's how Rosaria looks more relaxed and open than she's ever seen before, but Barbara doesn't want the night to end. Tomorrow, in the light of day, with the eyes of the other sisters everywhere, things could easily go back to normal. This moment, in this space that seems outside of time, feels precarious.

"I love the cathedral at night," she says suddenly. Her voices echoes in the quiet room.

"Really?" It's difficult to read her facial expression in the low light, but Rosaria sounds surprised. "I would have thought you would prefer the daytime, with all the people and music and sunlight."

“I do love all those things,” Barbara replies. “But there’s something special about the late night hours as well. There’s a sense of solitude when the world is sleeping. The city seems at peace.”

Rosaria turns her head to look at the moonlight shining through the windows. “You’re different than I expected.”

“You probably think I’m irritating and weak and not very smart. It’s true; I’ve never been able to compare to someone like the Acting Grand Master.”

“You mean Jean? Isn’t she your sister?”

Barbara nods, surprised that Rosaria knows. The other woman is far more observant than she lets on.

“Actually, I think you are both very alike.”

“You do?”

“Both of you care too much about pleasing others and forget to care for yourselves.”

She swallows. “Jean does. Everyone in Mondstadt knows to go to her if they have a problem.”

“Barbara,” Rosaria’s voice is serious, and even in the darkness she can feel her piercing gaze. “You almost

let a fan drag you away tonight because you didn’t want to disappoint him.”

“No, you don’t understand,” she answers softly. Even she can hear the sadness in her voice. “Jean is selfless. Everything she does is for the good of Mondstadt. I’m not that good. I just want people to like me.”

“So?”

The words startle her. “What do you mean?”

“What you just said – isn’t that normal?” the other sister asks as she stretches herself across a pew. “Most people want others to admire them. Even if you just want others to like and accept you, your singing and healing help the people of Mondstadt. I don’t see why that’s bad.”

“Don’t you think it’s selfish?”

“No, I think it’s realistic.”

Barbara’s head feels cloudy from the conversation and the wine. “The heroes of Mondstadt never cared about silly things like this. They acted courageously because they believed in Barbatos’ teachings of freedom.”

A small snort issues from Rosaria. “You don’t really believe that, do you?”

“Of course I do!”

“They didn’t fight their oppressors because of abstract principles. They fought because they were cold and hungry. They fought because if they hadn’t, they would have died, and so would the people they loved.” Something about the way Rosaria says this makes it seem weighty, like it’s something she truly believes. For the first time, Barbara wonders what Rosaria’s life was like before she came to Mondstadt.

She shifts uncomfortably. “I guess you’re right.”

Rosaria shrugs and begins to stand up from the pew. “There’s nothing wrong with wanting things for yourself.”

As Rosaria rises, the moonlight catches her pale skin, painting her bare shoulders and upper arms silver and blue. All at once, Barbara is aware of their proximity and the privacy of the empty cathedral. Rosaria arches her back in a stretch, and Barbara can’t look away from the sight of white fabric pulling tightly over her breasts. Heat rushes to her face. She had convinced herself that her silly crush on Rosaria would never result in anything, and that she should simply stop thinking about it. But maybe she’s wrong.

“Are – are you sure?” She asks. “That it’s okay to want things? Even if they are selfish?”

Rosaria nods. “Yes.”

Maybe it’s the wine still buzzing in her blood, or the desire that rushes alongside it, but Barbara has never felt bolder. She looks directly into Rosaria’s piercing maroon eyes and says, “I want you to kiss me.”

For a moment, she worries that she’s made a huge mistake. It’s hard to read Rosaria’s blank expression at the best of times, but it’s borderline impossible in the dark. The seconds feel like hours, and Barbara finally opens her mouth to apologize when Rosaria steps forward and kisses her.

It’s nothing like she had imagined. Rosaria’s lips are shockingly soft and gentle – hesitant, even – against hers. It’s not at all what she expected from a woman who is typically so confident and bold.

In truth, Barbara has little basis for comparison. She had only been kissed once before, by a knight who had mistaken her kindness while healing him for some kind of affection. That kiss had been unpleasant – forceful, wet, and unwanted – and in the back of her mind, she has been dreading a repeat of that incident every time she interacts with an overzealous fan.

This kiss is nothing like it. It’s tender and sweet, and Barbara tilts her head up to meet Rosaria more fully. The space between their bodies feels warm, and she

wishes they were even closer.

Too soon, Rosaria pulls back. When she speaks, her voice is low and cautious. “Was that what you wanted?”

“Yes,” Barbara replies. “Can we do it again?”

This time, they are both bolder, pressing their bodies together as they meet. A cold hand cups Barbara’s cheek and then Rosaria is kissing her once more, more intensely this time. Their lips part, and she can taste wine and the smoky herbal scent of Rosaria’s cigarettes. The first brush of tongue sends a shiver through her body, and she wraps her arms around Rosaria’s back. With that, Rosaria deepens the kiss and pulls Barbara closer. Somehow, their awkwardness vanishes when their bodies meet, and Barbara finds herself entirely absorbed in the tongue and lips on hers. They part, then rejoin again, the heat only growing between them each time they come together.

Time passes strangely wrapped in Rosaria’s arms. Somehow, they end up against the wall of the cathedral, right next to one of the big windows, Barbara’s back against the cold stone. She’s never felt like this before, overwhelmed by the closeness and every touch. Even when Rosaria breaks the kiss, she feels consumed by the passion between them. Lips

find her neck, under her collar, and begin to suck and bite the skin there. There’s a moment of sharp pain, but it quickly fades into pure pleasure, and Barbara accidentally releases a loud moan.

Rosaria’s lips travel up her neck again and find Barbara’s ear. “Shh, you don’t want anyone to hear you, right?” Blood rushes to Barbara’s face at the words, and she muffles a little gasp with her hand. “What would people think if they found sweet idol Barbara doing such inappropriate things in the cathedral?”

Oh, *Barbatos*. Those words should probably make Barbara step back, rearrange her clothes, and go to bed like a responsible deaconess. They *definitely* shouldn’t send a surge of heat through her, pooling in her core, and a wave of dampness into her tights. Yet with Rosaria’s rough, low voice whispering directly into her ear, all she can do is squirm helplessly. At this moment, she’s not sure Barbatos himself could get her to stop.

“Stop teasing me and keep going,” she replies.

A short laugh bubbles out of Rosaria’s lips, and she nibbles on Barbara’s ear (why does even that feel so good?). “Of course, whatever my deaconess commands.”

Then, Rosaria is back at her neck, sucking enthusiastically into her sensitive flesh. She pauses only to untie Barbara's collar, exposing the unsullied skin there. That responsible, overly cautious part of her mind is telling her to stop Rosaria because she's going to leave many, many marks, but Barbara can't bring herself to care. All she can do is moan and shudder as Rosaria sucks kisses into every inch of her neck, then her collarbone and cleavage. The top of her breasts get the same treatment before Rosaria returns to kissing her lips. It's messier and more desperate than ever before.

"You're so beautiful," Rosaria murmurs when they pull apart for air. Archons, Barbara thinks she might be in love.

There's the sound of fumbling, and then Rosaria's bare, uncovered hands are on her, the chill of them contrasting against Barbara's hot, aching skin. For a few moments, she caresses her, then lifts her breasts out of her dress. The first trace of Rosaria's tongue against Barbara's nipple is unexpected, but after just a few sucks, she's a quivering mess under the other woman.

"Barbatos! Please!" Barbara begs. Every inch of her skin feels hot and flushed. If Rosaria weren't pressing her against the wall, she's not sure she'd still be

standing with how weak and needy she feels. Worst of all, the space between her legs is soaked and aching. She's never wanted – no, *needed* – to be touched there. Now, she's desperate for something, any kind of friction.

"Please?" Rosaria asks, teasingly. "What do you want, Sister Barbara?"

Another shiver runs through her body. "Touch me!" Barbara gasps out.

"I thought I already was." Rosaria's smile is confident and clever, like a fox's. "What else would you call this?" She tweaks Barbara's nipple suddenly, ripping another moan from her throat.

"You know what I mean!" Barbara whines. Faintly, she's aware of how bratty she sounds, but she wouldn't need to complain if Rosaria would stop being difficult!

"I'm afraid I don't know what you mean." Both of Rosaria's hands are cupping her breasts now, rolling the swollen nipples so perfectly that Barbara is surprised her brain manages to function at all.

Barbara nearly sobs in frustration. Desperately, she pushes aside her skirt and presses her soaked panties

against Rosaria's fishnet covered thigh. "I need you *here*."

Rosaria's still smiling, but Barbara can see her wide eyes and satisfaction. "Well, why didn't you say so?"

It only takes a moment for Rosaria to pull down her tights and underwear, exposing her hot core to the cool air of the cathedral. When Rosaria's first cold finger enters her, she lets out a moan that's almost a shout from surprise and pleasure.

"Wow, you're so wet." Rosaria sounds almost awed at the revelation as her finger slides easily inside Barbara. "Don't forget to keep your voice down, unless you want the other sisters to see you like this," Rosaria adds.

Archons, Barbara can only imagine the scene, her superiors stumbling into this holy space and seeing her, half naked, getting fucked by the sexy, rebellious nun before her. It's probably sacrilege, an affront to Barbatos, at the very least inappropriate behavior. Her arousal starts to mix with a feeling of guilt and shame. What is she *thinking*?

Rosaria seems to sense her thoughts, and pauses for a second. "I know you're going to feel bad about this, but isn't Barbatos the god of freedom? Do you think the archon who gave us song and wine would want you to

feel guilty about having sex? I bet if he could see us, he'd be cheering us on."

She'd never thought about it that way, but it's a convincing argument. Is this really something to worry over? Then, she realizes what Rosaria had said. "Hey!" Barbara objects. "I *knew* it! You do know his name!"

For the first time, the other woman looks embarrassed. "Shut up."

"Ha, I knew you were paying attention! This whole time, you were just -" Rosaria cuts her off with a kiss and a little nip on the lip. Thankfully, Barbara gets the message.

This time, Rosaria slides two chill fingers into her and begins thrusting. Soon, Barbara is covering her mouth with her arm, trying to hold back her enthusiastic shouts of pleasure. Rosaria's mouth is on her nipple, sucking eagerly, as her hand fills her up over and over. It's almost too much, and yet it's not *quite* enough. It feels like she's been on the edge for hours.

"More," she begs, unsure of what she even wants.

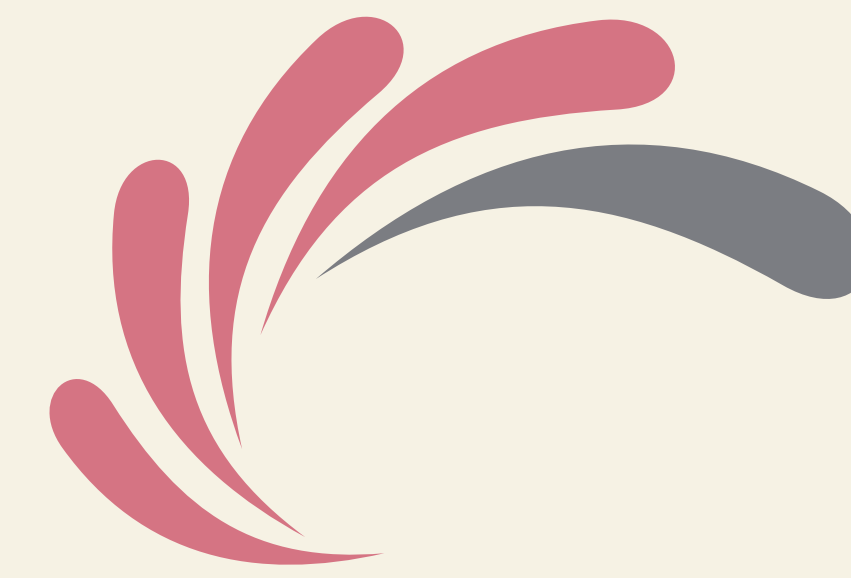
A cold thumb brushes against a spot on the top of her entrance and rubs lightly. Barbara gasps at the touch, which is almost overwhelming and so, so good. Just a

few more strokes and then she's coming, vision almost white with pleasure that melts her brain and leaves her a shivering pile of raw nerves. When she comes to, Rosaria is holding her in her arms, brushing her sweaty bangs off of her forehead.

Now that she can think more clearly, she notices that Rosaria is still completely dressed – minus her gloves and metal claws – in contrast to her own disheveled state. She still hasn't gotten to see her breasts or touch her. Even though it's late and she should've been in bed hours ago, suddenly there's nothing more important in the world than seeing what Rosaria looks like in the throes of pleasure.

"I hope you aren't too tired," Barbara says. "Because I'm not even remotely ready for bed yet."

Surprise floods Rosaria's face before she flashes a satisfied smile. "You won't have to worry about me," she replies. "The night is still young."



A Dance for Three

by Panda | ship: Lisa/Jean/Eula

content tags: poly, dom/sub, sub Eula, mild electro play, praise kink, orgasm delay, sex toys

"You're late, cutie," Lisa observes with an arched eyebrow. "The tea is already starting to cool." She's seated at the end of the long table in Jean's office, one graceful hand curled around a porcelain tea cup. As usual, she is the picture of easy elegance, casually beautiful and seductive.

Jean smiles gently from the other side of the table. "It's fine, we can always brew another pot. How was your mission today?"

"It went well at first – until one of the trainees disrupted a group of slimes and alerted the entire encampment," Eula reports, frustration seeping into her voice. "So we ended up having to fight off a large group of hilichurls and an abyss mage."

The other women make sympathetic noises. With the departure of Varka and the bulk of the Knights of Favonius, they have had to rely heavily on inexperienced trainees. Everyone in the organization

is feeling the impacts. “Were there any injuries?” Jean sighs.

Eula shakes her head as she fidgets with her gloves. “Thankfully, there were only minor scrapes and bruises, and we managed to clear the encampment and the slimes. As for that particular recruit, well...”

“I am guessing vengeance awaits them in the future?” Jean teases.

“Remedial reconnaissance and stealth training, at a minimum.”

“Can’t we leave work talk until later?” Lisa interjects. “You two know I don’t like to mix work and pleasure.”

“Apologies, Lisa. You’re right, we should be relaxing right now. Eula, why don’t you join us?”

Eula nods once, body still tight from the stress of the mission, and then kneels on the cushion beside Jean. Despite the somewhat uncomfortable position, she begins to relax immediately as she leans her body into Jean’s firmly muscled leg.

Jean ruffles her hair affectionately, calming Eula even more. The contact is only fleeting. After a moment, Jean pours a fresh cup of tea and gives it to her. With small careful sips, Eula tries to detect all the flavors in

the blend. The base tastes like green tea, likely a compromise between Jean’s affection for caffeine and Lisa’s insistence that they relax now that the day is coming to an end. Its mild flavor is accented with something sweet and fruity, and capped with a gentle floral note.

“Sunsettia, dandelion, sweet flower, and sakura petals?” Eula guesses.

Lisa smiles. “Very close. The floral element is qingxin. Sakura has been quite difficult to obtain since the Sakoku Decree came into effect. Both the green tea and the qingxin are from Liyue for now.”

“It’s one of your best blends so far, Lisa,” Jean compliments. “Do you think your usual Inazuman tea shipments are likely to resume any time soon?”

“Unfortunately, no. In fact, I heard something *very* curious from one of the visiting scholars about electro Visions today –”

Eula lets the conversation drift over her as she finishes her tea. Of course, she is adept at discussing political issues – all Lawrences are educated in international affairs and trained how to navigate such talks without causing offense – but she has no interest in participating. Instead, she lets her mind go blank and savors the warmth that settles in her belly.

Jean's fingers find her once again. This time, they remove her headband and begin stroking her hair gently. It's a bit like she's a dog receiving pets from her master. In the past, the action would've raised her hackles and resulted in threats of vengeance and retribution. Now, she relaxes under the touch, resting her head on Jean's thigh. Warmth spreads to her through Jean's hand and the leg she's pressed against. Though the day has been long and stressful, is able to shed some of her worries and defenses in this room, surrounded by fragrant tea, friendly conversation, and the heat of Jean's body.

She rouses from her haze when Jean's fingers still in her hair.

"Are you ready, cutie?"

With a nod, Eula rises from the floor, wincing slightly at the stiffness in her knees. It's still an unfamiliar position for her. When she stands, she meets Jean's gentle, encouraging smile. In some ways, these afternoon teas have become routine, but Eula still struggles with this aspect sometimes. Vulnerability has never come easily to her.

"Strip for us." The firmness in Jean's voice sends a jolt of arousal through Eula's core. Despite her kindness, Jean is a true leader, and Eula wants to obey.

Stripping off her layers always takes a bit of time, but Lisa and Jean don't seem to mind. They have relocated to one of the couches to watch as Eula fumbles with the belt on her thigh. She leaves her high socks on once she's shed her boots, moving on to her cape, collar, and tie before she pulls off her gloves. Her short white jacket joins the rest, leaving her bare-armed and exposed. Even though she still wears her bodysuit, she feels mostly naked under the appraising gazes of the gorgeous women before her. It takes a few moments to undo the strap on her back and then drag the fabric down her body. After she sheds her thigh-highs and underwear, she's left totally naked and tense with anticipation.

"Come here, cutie." Eula approaches Lisa and bends down as the other woman fastens a soft leather collar around her throat. Now they are ready.

Each tea session begins like this: refreshments, relaxing by Jean's side, stripping, receiving the collar from Lisa. It is what follows that varies considerably. Some weeks, they will focus all their energy on Eula, trying to see how many orgasms they can wring from her body. Other times, they will only tease her and satisfy each other as her frustration mounts. She never knows what to expect at this point. The only certainty is that she will leave sated and satisfied.

This time, she can sense a certain playful gleam in Lisa's eyes. Her suspicions are confirmed when Lisa pulls out an elegant box and opens it to show a large dildo. It is carved from a flawless blue rock that almost glows in the sunlight, and must have been expensive, judging by its size and craftsmanship.

"Do you like it? It's carved of noctilucous jade, a rare gem found in Liyue. The color reminded me of you," Jean smiles. "An acquaintance of mine in Liyue is the best source for such items."

Eula can only nod and look at the gift with a mixture of admiration and trepidation. It's beautiful, but also intimidatingly large.

Lisa slowly covers the toy in a thick layer of lubricant. "It's made from pyro slimes. Another one of our purchases from Liyue. They truly are ahead of Mondstadt when it comes to this technology, wouldn't you agree? Now, bend over the couch for us, sweetie."

Eula lets out a low moan when the dildo slowly slides into her pussy. It's the biggest toy they have used so far, and as it pushes deeper, she stretches wide around its considerable girth. Thankfully, she is already aroused and wet, eager to be filled with whatever her partners have to offer.

When it's finally sheathed inside of her, she lets out a

small gasp. This is the fullest she's ever felt. The sensation is almost uncomfortable, but she likes the stretch. Lisa and Jean always know how to push her without going past her limits.

"Good girl," Jean praises. The compliment sends another wave of pleasure to Eula's pussy. "How do you feel?"

"Full." Her face flushes pink with embarrassment, as it always does when they ask her to talk about sex.

Lisa nudges the pillow from earlier to the floor next to Eula. "Kneel," she commands, and Eula immediately obeys, watching eagerly as Lisa tosses aside the flap of her dress and slides the lacy black lingerie down her thighs. She spreads her legs, revealing her pussy, and gestures for Eula to come forward.

Still on her knees, Eula leans in to Lisa's thighs and inhales her scent. Then, she dives in, running her tongue along Lisa's lips to taste the juices that have begun to collect there. Though she cannot see, Eula can hear the sound of fumbling and kissing. She's tempted to lean back and watch the two most beautiful women in Mondstadt make out. Above her, Lisa lets out a moan and twines her fingers into Eula's hair, urging her forward. The message is clear: she should focus her attention on only one place right now.

Eula moves her hands to Lisa's thighs and spreads her lips, smiling at the sound the other woman makes. The fingers in her hair tug insistently, so she presses forward and slides her tongue between Lisa's folds. As usual, she is already wet and eager. Despite her love of teasing others, Lisa tends to be impatient, always hurtling towards orgasm first. A muffled moan of satisfaction comes from above as Eula buries her face into Lisa's cunt and fucks her enthusiastically with her tongue. Her right hand finds Lisa's clit and begins stroking it in the circular rhythm she loves. It doesn't take long for her to reach her first orgasm, body tensing under them.

Satisfied with her efforts, Eula leans back on her thighs, moaning as she feels the dildo shift inside of her. Lisa looks totally debauched, her breasts on display above her disheveled dress and corset, face flushed, and lipstick smeared. Beside her, Jean gives her partner one last lingering kiss and caress before pulling away. Eula takes a moment to savor the scene as she wipes her face, which is messy with Lisa's juices.

Although Lisa is still recovering, Eula's work is not done. Jean meets her eyes and smiles. It takes her only a moment to stand and strip off her pants, underwear, and high boots. "Come here," she commands, as she settles back and spreads her legs.

Once again, her attention narrows to the task at hand. Slipping a single finger into Jean, she is pleased to find that the acting grand master is already wet from foreplay. Eula slides in another finger and she begins slowly fucking Jean's pussy, angling her thrusts to give the most pleasure. Her mouth finds Jean's clit, eager and pink. Gently, she begins to suck and lick at the little nub. Under her, Jean begins to relax, letting out a low, breathy moan of pleasure.

Unlike Lisa, Jean needs slow and steady stimulation to come. It's a gradual process every time. Perhaps all the tension and stress that Jean keeps in her body needs to be released before she can even approach mind-blowing pleasure. Either way, Eula relishes it. Warm between Jean's generous thighs, she allows her mind to wander as she maintains her rhythm.

There's something wonderful about this position, on her knees to serve her captain. In some ways, it goes against her nature. Eula dislikes taking orders, and finds it almost impossible to show weakness. Yet, under Jean and Lisa's gentle lead, she feels herself calming, sinking into a hazy state of satisfied submission. Strangely, this unusual sexual arrangement is one of the only things that allows her to push down her thoughts and insecurities. It's challenging to trust others, to let down her defenses. For every positive interaction she has, there are three

negative ones. Sometimes, it feels hopeless, as though no one will ever be able to see past her lineage, no matter how hard Eula tries to prove herself. This is the only place she feels accepted, seen, and valued. *Loved*.

Jean's hips thrust up to meet her hand and mouth, increasing the intensity and speed of her thrusts. The moans that fall from her lips now are louder, less controlled. It's clear she's finally been able to shed the burdens of the day.

Suddenly, Eula jumps, pulling back from Jean's pussy in surprise. From her new angle, she can see that Jean's shirt has been removed, and Lisa is sucking on one of her pert nipples.

"Is something wrong, baby?" Jean asks, concerned even though she is clearly eager to resume.

"It – it felt like the toy *moved*." It sounds silly, but Eula could've sworn she felt the dildo move on its own within her.

"Oh, really?" Lisa asks with a sly smile. Once again, the dildo vibrates, unmistakable this time. Eula gasps as it moves and sends what feels like an electro shock through her cunt. "Well, I did tell you that Liyue's technology is far more advanced on this front. Don't let it distract you."

Taking a moment to gather herself, Eula returns to Jean's pussy, licking inside her for a few moments before returning to her clit. It's much harder now with the dildo vibrating within her. To make things worse, Lisa leans forward and begins to play with her tits. Tiny shocks of electro go through Eula's sensitive nipples and resonate with the elemental energy coming from the toy. With all the pleasure coursing through her, it's difficult to focus on satisfying Jean. It hasn't been long, but her pussy is already dripping, so wet that she worries the dildo will slide right out of her. She's forced to clench around it, which only makes the vibrations more intense. She lets out a little cry of frustration. Where Jean is comforting and gentle, Lisa is playful, teasing, and even slightly sadistic.

Despite how soaked and desperate she feels, Eula can't come. The stimulation just isn't enough. If only she could rub her clit... Thoughtlessly, her hand finds its way between her legs.

There's a tug on her hair. "Don't touch yourself. You don't want to come too soon."

Eula moans in frustration, but moves her hand away. Between the toy vibrating inside her, Lisa's tongue on her nipples, and the mild electro energy that the witch is using, she is on the edge. She channels her neediness into pleasuring Jean, redoubling her efforts

and enthusiasm. It only takes a few more minutes for Jean to orgasm, clenching tight around Eula's fingers as she comes.

Unfortunately, Lisa withdraws her attentions, leaving Eula squirming and sweaty. She's been on the edge for so long that she's starting to wonder if she can come totally untouched.

"You're doing so well, baby," Jean says, stroking Eula's head. "Thank you for being so good for us."

As always, these words send shivers through her. Although she has many accomplishments – mastering swordsmanship and dance, passing the Lawrence clan trial and winning the glacial seal, earning the trust of some of the knights and the title of Reconnaissance Captain – none fill her with as much satisfaction as this simple praise.

"How do you want to come, cutie?" Lisa asks. "I think you deserve to choose."

The possibilities run through her mind, but there's one thing Eula has been craving for a while. "Can I ride your strap?" She asks Jean, so horny that even her embarrassment is temporarily forgotten.

Jean smiles. "Of course."

It doesn't take long for Jean to fasten on one of her biggest dicks and for Lisa to take the toy out of her pussy. For a moment, she is horribly empty, but Jean returns to the couch and gestures for Eula to join her. She climbs onto Jean's lap and slowly slides herself onto the strap with a moan until she's at the base.

Jean leans in and kisses her as Eula fucks herself on the dick eagerly, relishing the friction. Wrapping her arms around Jean's neck, she returns the kiss enthusiastically. When they split apart for a breath, Lisa is there, lips and tongue meeting her own as the witch finds her breasts and continues her assault from earlier. Under her, Jean thrusts her hips, pushing the cock further into her pussy. Soon, Eula is panting, on the brink, too weak to ride Jean anymore.

They pause for a moment, and they rearrange. Lisa sprawls across the far end of the couch, and Jean moves Eula to the other end. Eula finds her face back in Lisa's pussy, but this time Jean is fucking her from behind. It's rough and fast. Buried in Lisa's cunt, it's hard to breathe, but the intense sensations are incredible. Soon, Jean finds her clit and strokes it in time with her thrusts. In just a few touches, Eula is coming, pleasure overwhelming her whole body.

When she finally feels coherent again, she finds herself rearranged, snuggled between her two lovers.

Lisa and Jean are kissing tenderly, and there are gentle fingers in her hair.

“Seems like you enjoyed yourself, sweetie,” Lisa teases. “Are you feeling okay?”

Though she’s sticky, sweaty, and more than a little sore, Eula nods affirmatively and rises to kiss her partners.

It’s an undeniably strange arrangement. Most of Mondstadt would judge them if they knew, and she can only imagine how the Lawrence family would react. Yet none of that matters to her. Despite their differences, the three of them are a perfect combination, caring for each other in their own way. Perhaps the best vengeance is the satisfaction of this secret place where she feels safe and loved, no matter how the rest of the world views her.



A World for Us

by purple_bookcover | ship: Signora/Tsaritsa

content tags: public sex, magic dildo, sex during a meeting

Signora held still as the Archons filtered into the room. The chamber was cavernous, with vaulted ceilings rearing up like spires of ice and rows of columns pushing the stone walls far apart. One side of the room bore tall windows of stained glass. The watery light of Snezhnaya dripped in blue and crystalline. The other wall was blank stone. At the center sat a round table with chairs hugging it.

And before that table sat Signora, still as frozen ice upon the Tsaritsa’s throne.

She dared not move as the Archons entered, nor as they took their places around the table. Even when their strange, luminous eyes picked over her, Signora gripped the arms of the throne and did not so much as flinch. Then their eyes roamed down, widening when they found the cock strapped around Signora’s hips.

She grit her teeth. If Morax and Barbatos and Beelzebul thought anything of the crystal clear,

unmelting shaft of ice rearing up from Signora's hips, they said nothing. Despite the silence, it was fortunate that Tsaritsa had fortified the icy toy because Signora herself burned under their curious stares.

The massive double doors at the end of the chamber opened again with a hollow echo. Measured steps clacked across the stone floor. The guards outside shut the doors again, locking Signora in with the Archons, with Tsaritsa.

Every eye turned to the Tsaritsa as she strode into the room. She did not rush, even with all those heavy gazes fixed on her. When she reached the round table where the other Archons sat, she did not stop, merely made a circuit around the furniture, around the beings seated in her meeting chamber in Snezhnaya. She was radiant in a gown of streaming silver, a queen among peasants, a diamond among rocks.

Tsaritsa finished her circuit, then she paced right up to the throne. She looked not at the powerful, ancient beings behind her, but, instead, directly down at Signora.

An icy hand cupped Signora's cheek.

"Were they well-behaved, my sweetling?" she said.

"Yes," Signora said.

Tsaritsa's blue lips curled into a smile. She bent down, pressing them briefly and softly against Signora's mouth. Then she straightened, putting her back to Signora to face her guests. Signora traced the lacy back of her gown, like frozen spidersilk stretched across her porcelain skin, while Tsaritsa spoke.

"I understand you intend to bring a matter most urgent before me," Tsaritsa said. "Thank you for coming all this way to do so, though I wonder if you'll regret having wasted your time."

"Time is one thing we have in ample supply," Morax said, smooth and deep.

Tsaritsa chuckled. "Yes, I suppose you do, old man."

She bundled up her skirts and edged backward. Signora reached up under her dress for her hips and guided her downward, but Tsaritsa hardly needed any help fitting herself atop Signora's lap – and the toy. Tsaritsa sank down the icy dildo with a sigh, her legs spread wide. Her back was still to Signora. When she released her skirts, it covered up the place where she and Signora met, but Signora felt it all the same, a tremble of heat that somehow passed through that magically infused cock strapped to Signora's body.

Signora's fingers flexed on Tsaritsa's hips. She fought to hold still, biting her lip until she tasted iron. She

was not to make a noise, not to move or fidget whatsoever. Those were Tsaritsa's instructions, and Signora would follow them even if it broke her to do so.

And it just might break her.

The heat was so potent, Tsaritsa's skin so soft, so tangible, so close. Tsaritsa's hair cascaded down her back and into Signora's face, fragrant and cool, like ice melt washing over Signora's body. If Signora but breathed too deeply, she would be overcome by the woman sitting on her cock.

For her part, Tsaritsa was utterly composed. She faced her guests coolly.

"I understand you mean to dissuade me from my path," she said.

"You can't continue like this," Barbatos spoke up.

Morax shot him an annoyed glance. "It is better for all if we work together."

"All?" Tsaritsa said. "Who is this 'all?' And why in the world should I care about them?"

Morax's lips pressed into a tight line, but Beelzebul snickered.

"What a petty little girl you are," Beelzebul said.

Signora could not see Tsaritsa's smile, but she could feel it in the subtle shifting of her hips on the toy. Those shifts became less subtle and Signora quickly lost the thread of the debate. It hardly mattered. These beings had been having this same argument for longer than even Harbingers lived.

None of it concerned Signora. Whatever resolution they reached – or didn't reach – Signora had only to obey her Tsaritsa. Whether she ordered Signora to fight with or against the Archons made little difference. Wherever Tsaritsa willed her to go, Signora would go.

Tsaritsa shifted. The rolling of her hips sent a wave of heat down the icy magical cock and into Signora's body. How was the thing still solid? The heat of Tsaritsa's body was so potent, so strong, like a wave of sunlight washing through Signora. Surely the ice was melting away?

But when Signora tested it, just the smallest shifting of her hips, the cock strapped to her felt solid and hard. Tsaritsa hissed in a gasp and glared over her shoulder at Signora, who instantly stilled.

"As I was saying," Tsaritsa continued, turning her icy gaze back to the Archons.

Signora bit her lip to keep from moving more. But as the meeting dragged on, it became harder and harder to stay still. She was still clinging to Tsaritsa's hips. With a word, she could fuck deep and hard into her waiting, wet heat. And oh, how they both wanted it. Tsaritsa's pussy was clenching around the icy cock. So why wasn't she demanding the satisfaction she desired? It had to be these damn Archons and their damn droning on about treaties and history and nations.

Morax was the worst. His voice was a constant low hum. He intoned through explanations that Signora wouldn't care about even if she wasn't buried inside her Tsaritsa. If he'd just *shut up* maybe they could be done with this charade.

Sweat trickled down Signora's back. Her fingers dug into Tsaritsa's hips. Her lip was bloody from being bitten. She had to remain still, but even the slightest breath shifted Tsaritsa's body atop her and it was becoming too much to bear. Signora swore she could detect every individual heartbeat shivering down the icy cock and into her body. Her own heart matched the pace, a fluttery pitter-patter that ached with sparking desire.

"Enough!"

Tsaritsa's voice broke through the noise and stilled the entire room.

"I've heard enough," Tsaritsa said coldly. "We're done here."

Signora could have wept. Morax scowled. Signora feared he'd protest, but he and the other Archons simply rose and left.

The moment the doors shuddered closed behind them, Tsaritsa stood up off the cock. Signora whimpered, but Tsaritsa turned to face her and cupped Signora's face in her hands.

"You've been such a good girl," Tsaritsa said. "I have one more request of you, though."

Signora swallowed, steeling herself for whatever would come next.

"Fuck me."

Signora was moving before the words reached her brain. She rose from the chair just to bend Tsaritsa over it. Signora flipped up her skirts with shaking hands and fit the icy cock against her dripping pussy.

When she pushed inside, their combined groans filled the audience chamber.

Signora snapped her hips forward. She was far too pent up for delicacy right now. Tsaritsa just moaned,

her nails grating against the chair. She bent over one arm, her legs spread and ass high for Signora.

Signora might have admired the sight some other time, but today she couldn't spare a second for such an indulgence. She gripped Tsaritsa by the hips once more and dove into her, sharp, hard, deep thrusts of the cock strapped around her hips. Every beat wrang a moan out of Tsaritsa and sent heat shooting through Signora's body. It had been a long, long time since Signora was the Crimson Witch, but the heat coursing through her now was a match for those furious flames.

"Good girl," Tsaritsa gasped. "Good girl. Just like that."

Signora didn't change or shift. At Tsaritsa's order, she continued pounding into her exactly the way she had been. Tsaritsa's words dissolved into delighted cries. Her pussy was hot around Signora, gripping her tight. With every thrust, Signora slapped her hips against Tsaritsa's ass, the sound echoing through the cavernous chamber.

Signora closed her eyes, lost in the delirious sensation. It wasn't often her Tsaritsa let Signora have her like this, but when she did – oh, when she did. There was nothing like it, nothing in all the world that could match Tsaritsa's heat, her cries, her scent warming

the air around them, a musk that got Signora drunker than any wine.

Was this a gift of Archons? Was the very sweat of their bodies intoxicating? Or was this simply Tsaritsa herself?

"Harder," Tsaritsa commanded, and Signora tossed away her questions and leapt to comply.

The pounding filled the room alongside cries and grunts and moans. Tsaritsa gushed around Signora, her legs shaking, but still she demanded more – more – more, until Signora was gritting her teeth and whining with the tension coiled inside her.

"Please," she dared, but this time Tsaritsa took pity on her.

"Yes," Tsaritsa said.

Somehow, her pussy clenched the dildo harder. Stars burst behind Signora's closed eyes. Her own wetness spilled out of her and warmed her thighs. But Tsaritsa's was even more voluminous, even after all the other times. They both shuddered and shook as release swept out of them to leave them limp against the throne.

Signora forced herself to drag the dildo free and loosen the straps so she could kick it aside, but then she slouched against the chair. Tsaritsa was still bent over the arm. Her skirts had fallen back over her ass, hiding her lovely, flushed pussy.

Signora dropped to her knees and carefully slid those skirts up again. Tsaritsa's pussy was a rosy blush. Her thighs shone with slickness. Signora sighed and tilted forward to start licking Tsaritsa's skin clean.

Tsaritsa chuckled somewhere above her and stroked her fingers through Signora's hair. "Ah, my lovely one," she said. "My good girl."

She let Signora continue, petting and encouraging her. When Signora had licked up every last drop, Tsaritsa brought them both back to the throne, but this time it was Signora curling up in Tsaritsa's lap, small and safe in her Archon's arms.

"You did well today," Tsaritsa said. "As I knew you would."

"Thank you," Signora said, voice thick with drowsiness.

"They will return. They will continue their begging."

Signora tensed. "I will stop them, if you wish it."

Tsaritsa chuckled. "It's not necessary, my sweet. This world is ours. Morax is weak, Barbatos foolish, Beelzebul indifferent. We will reshape Teyvat, regardless of what the Archons wish." She scooped up Signora's hand, kissing each individual finger. "And once we've remade the world, it will belong to only us."



Pride and Punishment

by Seraphina | ship: Ei/Sara

content tags: Top Ei, Bottom Sara, dom/sub, BDSM, cunnilingus, face-sitting, queening, breath-play, orgasm denial, vaginal fingering

Sara spins out of the path of a sword and fires an arrow into the neck of her attacker. The maneuver earns her a moment to survey the chaos on the beach. She doesn't like what she sees. The Shogun's army, her army, is sustaining heavy casualties and the reappearance of Kokomi and the foreign mercenaries has bolstered the morale of the Resistance soldiers. She grits her teeth, no choice but to cut her losses and return to fight another day.

"Retreat!" Sara bellows the order.

Her men echo the cry all along the beach as they flee, leaving the bodies of their fallen comrades scattered on the sand. Death was a natural result of crossing weapons with an enemy in battle, the final price to be paid in pursuit of her almighty Shogun's eternity. Sara has been prepared to pay that price since the day she woke up with a newly gifted vision clenched in her tiny fist, but it's still hard to accept the losses. Hard to see the blubbing tears of one soldier as his comrades

drag him from the beach leaving his severed leg behind. Hard to witness the vacant stare of another as the medic wraps clean bandages tight around his bloodied torso. Hard to accept that she had failed her Shogun today.

Kneeling in front of her Shogun mere hours after her army's crushing defeat to the Resistance, Sara is prepared, eager even, to accept her Shogun's punishment. She's flanked by Kujou Takayuki while other notable members of the Tenryou Commission try to make themselves seem small behind them. Useless platitudes spill from her adoptive father's lips, apologies for the ineptitude of his daughter muffled by the floor he's nearly licking.

Sara can't resist a glance upward at her Shogun. Although her father is still groveling, Ei's dark eyes are locked on Sara. Her unreadable gaze pins Sara more securely to the floor than if she were bound and shackled. Is she furious with Sara? Will she punish her for failing to uphold her decree? Or demand Sara's service as payment? Sara shivers, dropping her eyes.

"Enough." Ei's voice is dominant as it cuts her father's words off. Sara squeezes her thighs together. It's completely inappropriate to be getting aroused surrounded by the high-ranking members of her clan, but that hard tone in Ei's voice stirs something in her. Sara hears the rustle of fabric as Ei rises to her feet.

“I’d like to hear the report directly from my general. Sara. Come forward.”

Sara stands and before her brain has processed the order, she’s striding across the room to stop directly in front of her Shogun. Their gazes lock for a moment, but Sara can’t read anything in Ei’s expression. As soon as Sara breaks eye contact and looks down at the floor, Ei speaks. “Kneel.”

Sara drops to her knees, feeling instantly calmed by the simple act of obedience.

“Good, Sara.” Ei’s voice washes over her like a caress. “Now, give me your full report.”

Sara lets herself take a moment to wet her chapped lips before she begins speaking. She leaves nothing out. Every gruesome detail is described with clinical accuracy, every piece of intelligence she used to make her decisions, the precise movement of her troops across the beach, and at the end she speaks aloud the full name of every one of her fallen soldiers. The names taste bitter on her lips, but she doesn’t falter, doesn’t forget a single one. Sara’s throat is dry when she finishes, and she clears it into the quiet of the room.

The people behind her shift in agitation as the silence drags on. The sounds of their rustling clothes and

murmured voices annoy Sara. How dare they intrude upon this moment between her and her Shogun.

“Everybody out,” Ei voices their shared sentiment. “Not you, Sara.” she clarifies when Sara begins to rise. “You will stay behind.”

Relieved, Sara returns to her knees. She listens to the clamber behind her as the others rush to vacate the room and leave Sara to face her fate alone. Sara relishes the privacy as she considers what her punishment might be. Perhaps she would be left to kneel without food or water until her joints went numb from the compression, perhaps Ei would lash her for every fallen soldier, or she might let Sara service her until she earned her Shogun’s forgiveness.

Sara is so consumed with her thoughts that she doesn’t notice Ei closing the distance between them until the tips of her shoes enter Sara’s field of vision. Ei stands unspeaking for a long moment before she asks, “What do you need, Sara?”

Need? Sara is confused enough at the question to risk glancing upwards, but Ei’s usual placid expression gives nothing away. What could the army need from her Shogun? Sara wracks her brain, but she can’t think of anything. Although the army sustained losses, they still greatly outnumber the resistance. She hadn’t ceded any sites of strategic value, and any lost

supplies could be replaced by the Tenryou Commission.

“Nothing, my Shogun.” Sara ventures an answer after a long, confused pause. “Our intelligence reports will be triple-checked moving forward. I will not make the same mistakes twice.”

Ei is silent in response to her answer, face tilted downwards to study Sara. Sara shifts restlessly. Is this the moment when her Shogun will punish her? Ei draws in a deep breath before finally speaking. “I’m sure you won’t, but I didn’t ask about what the army needs,” she says bluntly. “I asked what you need, Sara.”

Sara blinks, bewildered. What did Ei expect her to say? “Nothing, my Shogun,” she repeats. “I don’t need anything.”

Ei’s face remains implacable. “Fine,” she says after a lengthy pause. “You are dismissed.”

Sara leaves quickly, resisting the urge to glance behind her. She doesn’t understand why her heart is hammering in her chest or why she feels so disappointed that she got off without any consequences.

~

The next few weeks are exceedingly ordinary except that Sara finds it impossible to concentrate on anything, and finds her thoughts stuck on that encounter. Admittedly, Sara always spends a great deal of time thinking about her Shogun, but that’s never interfered with her ability to do her job before.

It’s interfering now.

Sara takes great pride in handling the tasks required to run the Shogun’s army personally. It isn’t that she doesn’t trust her men or that she can’t delegate when necessary. No, Sara simply prefers to lead by example, and her soldiers trust and respect her for it. But recently, even her most loyal squadron leaders exchange weary glances between each other when her distraction drags out their war strategy meetings or they are forced to correct her memory of their plans.

She hears worried confusion in the tones of the soldiers when she aimlessly wanders the camp, knows she needs to pull herself together before their voices turn resentful. But passionless purple eyes haunt her sleepless nights and that coldly authoritative voice echoes that damnable question through her mind.

What do you need, Sara?

It mocks her, dampens her aptitude, and threatens her

leadership. Her ruminations over the question draw only one conclusion. If Ei had simply punished her for failing in her duties as general, she could let this go and move on.

Not that Sara is questioning her Shogun's decision to be merciful; it isn't in her nature to pass judgment on the divine. No, she's simply self-aware enough to realize she'll only get her desperately needed closure at Ei's hand. However, as her Shogun considers the situation resolved, Sara needs a way to reincite her displeasure.

It starts small, a supply caravan that goes missing, a costly waste but worth the price if Sara can get out of her head. Next, a misprint on the uniform order form results in the Shogun's army being outfitted in deep red cloth, the color of the Dendrobium flowers that grow on Nazuchi Beach. Sara even goes as far as ceding a bit of front-line ground to the Resistance during their next encounter.

With each mistake, she finds herself kneeling before her Shogun, belly tight with anticipation, desperate to put this strange uneasiness behind her. It takes every ounce of professionalism and patience she possesses to wait. Wait until her father has begged forgiveness, wait until Ei finally, finally asks for her account.

It's like the breaking of a dam. Her reports pour out of

her. She bares her inadequacy and failure in ever-increasing detail to her Shogun and waits, breath coming in short little gasps, hands clenched so hard her knuckles turn white, body trembling with expectation, to receive her punishment.

It never comes. Ei only dismisses their audience and studies her in stony silence before she asks again, "What do you need, Sara?"

Just punish me, Sara wants to scream. *Just punish me as I deserve. Punish me so I can go back to being a good general instead of a distracted mess.* Out loud she offers only the reassurance that she won't fail again, endures her Shogun's piercing stare for what feels like hours, and scrambles from the room the second the dismissal leaves Ei's lips.

Each encounter leaves Sara's skin clammy, makes her hands tremble, and leaves her feeling lightheaded. Her father is increasingly vocal that she should feel relief at being spared, gratitude for the mercy Ei shows her, but the only emotion she feels after each encounter is a heady, debilitating disappointment.

~

The sky is a dreary overcast when Sara finally breaks. She can't even remember what mistake brought her before her Shogun today – and isn't that further proof

she needs to get this issue of hers resolved - but her answer breaks free from her throat before Ei has finished asking her question.

“I need you to punish me,” Sara chokes out, too desperate to remain professional. “Please,” she begs.

Ei offers no response to her plea, the only sound in the room is somebody gasping wetly for breath. Detachedly, Sara realizes it’s her breathing, realizes she can’t seem to get air into her lungs, realizes her heart is hammering in her chest. Sara tries desperately to get herself under control, so focused internally that she barely notices Ei’s fingers firmly seizing her jaw.

Holding Sara’s chin firmly in her grasp, Ei forcibly tilts her head up before she strikes Sara across the face with the palm of her other hand. It’s a decisive strike, strong enough that Sara can still feel the heat of it on her cheek as the stinging fades but not harsh enough to bruise. The pain of it clears Sara’s mind and allows her to slow her breathing.

Her eyes must have slipped closed because she doesn’t notice the second strike coming. It lands hard on the already sensitized skin of her face, and Sara moans loudly as the impact causes an answering clench deep in her core. She’s panting now, eager to be good, eager to finally take her punishment.

“There you go,” Ei says. The gentle tone of her voice contrasts with the pressure of her nails as she drags them meanly across the heated skin of Sara’s cheek. The pain feels exquisite, grounding. “Do you know why I gave you what you needed?”

Sara shakes her head as much as she’s able with her chin still clenched firmly in Ei’s grip.

Ei brings her other hand up to stroke her fingers gently through Sara’s unbound hair before she fists them, forcing Sara’s head back uncomfortably. “Use your words, Sara,” she orders.

Sara sucks in a shuddering breath through her teeth as the order shoots heat up her spine. “No, ma’am,” she says obediently.

Ei keeps the tension on Sara’s hair and keeps her head tilted as she studies her. “Silly girl,” she says, “Haven’t I always asked what you needed? I’ve been waiting weeks for you to admit you needed me to punish you. Since you finally did, this is a reward.” Ei’s smile turns sharp. “Now, be a good girl and thank me.”

“Thank you,” Sara breathes out, feeling relieved despite the stinging sensation on her cheeks and the pain in her neck, or perhaps because of it. This is what she’s been craving, been needing Ei to give her for weeks.

“Good, Sara,” Ei praises her before using her grip on Sara’s hair to tug her forward. Unbalanced by the sudden force, Sara finds herself falling until her face contacts the warm skin of Ei’s thigh just above the leather of her boots. She tries to sit back up, but Ei’s hand holds her firmly in place. This close, Sara can smell the thick scent of Ei’s budding arousal, and she presses herself shamelessly closer.

“Is this what you want Sara?” Ei asks from above her, widening her stance slightly. “To earn forgiveness for your failings by servicing me?”

“Yes, ma’am,” Sara breathes, tilting her face upwards to slip underneath the hem of Ei’s kimono. Her scent is even stronger without the barrier of fabric containing it and Sara is suddenly desperate to taste. She raises her body to get closer to her goal when Ei shoves her back down.

Sara whines in protest as Ei leans down over her, forcing Sara to make eye contact. As Sara stares into those magnificent purple eyes, she notices that Ei’s pupils are blown wide with lust. “And why should I give you what you want when you’ve been such an unruly brat?” Ei asks. “Intentionally ceding ground to the resistance. Cladding my army in the colors of the Pyro Archon. Did you think I would not notice your childish cries for my attention?”

Sara feels her face heat in shame, but more humiliating is the relief she feels at her Shogun’s acknowledgment. Now that everything has been spoken plainly, Sara is desperate to redeem herself in whatever way Ei dictates. As if in answer to her thoughts, Ei continues, “You will serve me, but you’ll do only what I say. You’ll get only what I give you. You’ll speak only when I bid you. Do you understand the rules, Sara?”

Sara nods, but when another slap lands across her cheek, she remembers herself. “Yes ma’am,” she corrects.

“Good girl.” Ei steps back from her. “Now strip. No, stay kneeling,” she continues when Sara starts to rise.

Sara’s hands tremble as she carefully removes her mask and vision, placing them gently aside before she sheds the rest of her ensemble away with less care. Her fingers are clumsy as she fumbles the ties and closures of her clothing, cognizant of Ei’s gaze tracing hungrily over every inch of skin she bares. Ei waits patiently as she undresses, and makes no move to help Sara as she struggles to remove her underwear without moving from the position Ei left her in.

When Sara finally wiggles herself free and throws the garment aside, she’s kneeling, body naked, before her

Shogun. It isn't a warm day outside, and the temperature of the room is chilly against Sara's overheated skin. Ei does not indicate what she wants Sara to do next and Sara shifts restlessly.

"Clasp your hands behind your back and be still," Ei instantly rebukes her.

Sara obeys and waits for another command, some indication of how to please her Shogun, but Ei remains wordless in front of her. The minutes tick slowly by, and Sara fights every urge to move, ignoring the unpleasant sensations in her shoulders from keeping her arms where Ei ordered them. Her Shogun bid her be still after all, and Sara wants desperately to be good. Eventually, Sara finds herself settling, her body relaxing, and her mind going blissfully quiet for the first time in weeks.

"Good, Sara," Ei eventually says, coming forward to pet Sara's head in rhythmic strokes. Sara shivers at the sensation and the praise, noticing for the first time that the insides of her thighs are slick. Ei grips the edge of her kimono and lifts it, revealing ornate lace panties turned dark with arousal. "Do you still wish to serve me, Sara?" Ei asks her, voice pitched quiet just for Sara's ears.

Sara can't remember ever wanting anything more in

her life. "Yes, ma'am. It would bring me great pleasure to serve you, ma'am," she says honestly, anticipatory tension returning to her body as she wills herself not to lean forward.

Ei smiles at her, running her hand through Sara's hair one more time before dragging her forward until Sara's face is pressed firmly against her panties. They feel as wet as they looked, and Sara pants desperately against them.

"My good girl," Ei says. "Since you're that eager, take my panties off."

Sara's about to reach for them when she pauses, remembering that Ei hadn't given her permission to unclasp her hands. A simple problem to solve for a general of Sara's renown. She leans forward, uses only her teeth to grip the waistband, and tugs downwards. The center of Ei's panties moves only a sliver, forcing Sara to repeat her actions over each part of the waistband before returning to the center to drop them further.

It's slow going. A less observant person might be worried that her Shogun was getting impatient with the sedate pace if they couldn't smell the increasingly potent scent of excitement or hear the way Ei's breath hitches every time Sara's nose brushes against her

increasingly exposed cunt. Luckily, Sara notices, and it makes her feel incredible. She's almost disappointed when the scant cloth finally falls to the ground with a heavy, wet sound.

"Well done, Sara," Ei says, stepping free of the garment. She strokes Sara's hair gently before dragging her roughly forward to press her face soundly between her thighs. Sara groans at the rough handling, her tongue immediately venturing forward for a taste. Ei indulges her, lets Sara greedily delve into her slick folds, and suck tentatively at her clit. The sloppy sounds of Sara's exploration fill the room, broken only by soft words from her Shogun.

A whine of protest leaves Sara's throat as Ei steps back, severing the contact between them.

"Don't be greedy, Sara," Ei warns quietly. "You'll take what you're given. Now, crawl over there and lie down," Ei gestures towards the raised platform behind them. "Good, girl," Ei rewards her when Sara obeys, crawling submissively onto the dais before orienting herself as her Shogun demands. Ei verbally arranges her, ordering Sara's hands clasped behind her back before she hums in satisfaction.

Ei stalks around Sara's prone form, an apex predator surveying her prey, and Sara revels in her submission, her breath coming quicker and her thighs slick with

anticipation. Finally, her Shogun strikes. Without a word of warning, Ei straddles her face and sinks down, stealing Sara's air with the press of her hips against her face.

Sara delights in the taste of her, worshiping Ei with her tongue as she rhythmically grinds down onto Sara's face. Every so often Ei pauses and presses down firmly until blackness starts to edge into Sara's vision. Sara never considers fighting. She feels her arousal build every time Ei retreats just before she passes out.

It's heady, to finally surrender like this to her Shogun, to feel this exchange of power between them, and Sara delights it in. Every stutter of Ei's rolling hips is a victory. Every word of praise falling from Ei's lips is a salve that eases the disappointment of her failings. Sara barely notices when her jaw starts to ache from the effort, content to be good for her Shogun.

When Ei finally goes tense above her, her hips twitching as she lets out a hissed breath through her teeth, Sara helps her through her orgasm. "You are perfect, Sara," Ei says, letting Sara clean between her thighs, "My perfect girl." Sara shudders, she's so aroused, so desperate to come. But she can't, won't without permission, and Sara knows that even if Ei sent her away right now, she'd be fulfilled.

Ei pulls away from her, and Sara finally gets a good

look at her Shogun. Ei's face is flushed with beads of sweat dripping down her brow, but Sara's breath catches at the look in her eyes. They shine with satisfaction, with the pleasure of having received Sara's gift of submission. She brought that look to her Shogun's face, and Sara suddenly feels like the most powerful woman in Teyvat.

"Look at you," Ei says, stroking a hand lazily down Sara's body, "Still exactly where I ordered you. My good girl." She pauses for a moment, considering Sara before she continues, "I'm inclined to reward you for your good behavior. Do you want me to let you come?"

Sara is quick to respond, "Yes, ma'am."

Ei's fingers slide between her legs and Sara groans at the sensation. She almost comes the instant Ei pinches her clit, but she wills herself to wait. She waits a long time as Ei plays lazily with her body. She drags her to the brink of orgasm, stimulating her with deep strokes and praise until Sara's eyes clench tight and she digs her fingernails into her forearms to keep herself from the edge. As soon as Sara thinks she cannot possibly hold herself back, Ei retreats, letting Sara regain a semblance of her composure before her fingers resume their torment.

Overstimulated tears leak from Sara's eyes, and she

can no longer control the twitching of her limbs when Ei finally releases her, "My beautiful, obedient girl. Now, come for me, Sara."

The words are barely out of Ei's mouth when Sara feels herself dragged under as if the only thing that had been preventing her body from reaching orgasm was the lack of her Shogun's permission. It feels like lightning, every muscle of her body clenched tight, her mind nothing but a roar of static. She's distantly aware of the groan that tears free of her throat as her body is wracked with unrelenting pleasure for what feels like hours.

When Sara regains awareness of her surroundings, she's lying down on the mats spread across the floor, her head cradled in Ei's lap. Her Shogun is humming a soft melody while she strokes her long fingers through Sara's hair. Sara takes stock of her body. The tension that has been her companion for the last few weeks is gone, her hands are steady, her mind sharp. Almost as if it's a tangible thing, Sara feels the return of her aptitude and knows she's ready to command again.

As if reading her mind, Ei reprimands her mildly, "Now, enough of these silly games, Sara. If you need something from me, you shall come to me and ask. You are a capable general and I trust you to run my army with the perfection required to pursue eternity."

It's a testament to how relaxed Sara is that the shame she feels at her dereliction is minor. She nods her head, and Ei's stroking fingers tug warningly, reminding Sara of her preference for words. "I swear," Sara says quietly, her eyes briefly meeting Ei's before she lets them drop. "I swear that I will command your army as a general worthy of her Shogun's favor."

Ei mouth quirks at the mention of her favor before her gaze on Sara turns scrutinizing. "And?" she prompts.

"And I swear that I shall come to you and ask for anything I need," Sara finishes.

"Good girl."

The proud, possessive tone makes Sara smile, and she lets her lidded eyes slide closed. She has sworn many oaths to this woman, this Archon, but Sara feels these words sear down to her bones. Since childhood, she would have done anything for her Shogun and her divine ideals. Now, that resolve is tangled with another emotion Sara could probably identify if her mind wasn't so foggy or her eyes so heavy, the rhythmic stroking through her hair pulling her quickly towards sleep. But she can't give in to its call yet, there is something she's still waiting for.

"Sleep," Ei commands, and she does.



On the Prowl

by Star | ship: Yae Miko/Ganyu

content tags: ptsd, explicit sexual content, against a wall, biting, bite marks

Ganyu picked at her bowl of watakakeni and sighed. The diplomatic portion of her visit to Inazuma had officially concluded this morning. She was now left with the remaining week to fill before her ship departed for Liyue.

"You smell like mountains, bitter flowers, and," Ganyu could feel the woman's long pink hair tickling her arm, "wet ink on parchment?" She furrowed her brows, "*not* like a human, and certainly not from around here." Pleased with her deduction, the unknown woman gave her a small, smug smile.

"I'm not." Ganyu didn't rush to elaborate, uncomfortable with the scrutiny of strangers. But realization hit her as she watched the woman tuck her hair behind a decidedly not human ear.

"I think we'll get along just fine." Her grin was wide and friendly, almost welcoming. Still, Ganyu couldn't help but notice how sharp her teeth were. "I'm Yae Miko. Shall I show you around?"

~

“Is this your first time to Inazuma City?”

Yae’s tour was helpful. She elaborated on which restaurants had vegetarian options and if they were any good, or at least worth Yae’s time.

“Well, the first time since before the Cataclysm.”

Yae gave her a surprised look. “You remember the time before the Cataclysm?”

“I have been to Inazuma many times, especially in the aftermath of the Archon War.”

“You remember the *Archon War*?” Yae stopped in the middle of the thoroughfare.

“Well yes, I was there after all.” Ganyu’s statement was matter-of-fact, as if it could be the most natural thing to have been a witness to thousands of years of history.

“While I would never ask anyone their age, it would appear that I could consider you my senpai, couldn’t I? Or would you prefer I call you Ganyu onee-san?” Yae grinned and Ganyu could have sworn she fluttered her eyelashes at her.

“I don’t know about that.” She could feel herself growing warm, and hoped she wasn’t blushing too much.

There was that grin again, dangerous but undeniably charming. “I must admit, I am quite fond of stories, and yours intrigues me. What was it like in Inazuma before the Cataclysm? What was it like before the Archon War?”

Now it was Ganyu’s turn to stop. Thinking about the Cataclysm, and then further back to the horrors of the Archon War; no amount of charm could quell the chill tightening her chest or silence the rushing sound in her ears. She could feel herself drifting further away until she felt the steady warmth of Yae’s hands holding firm to her own.

“Ganyu?” Gone was Yae’s smile, teeth hidden behind soft pink lips, barely parted in concern. “Ganyu, it’s okay. You’re here and it’s safe. Come on, let’s find somewhere to rest.” She helped Ganyu to sit at a nearby table before leaving. She soon came back followed by a woman balancing a tray laden with steaming bowls and mugs.

“Have some miso soup. It is indeed vegetarian and some of the best in Inazuma.” She watched Ganyu, her gaze only softening after she took her first sip.

Carefully maneuvering her own chopsticks, Yae picked up a portion of udon noodles and began to eat them with a surprising amount of elegance.

They kept to themselves as they ate, quiet slurping only slightly filling the silence between them.

Yae spoke up first. “How are you feeling?”

“Better, thank you.” Ganyu slumped against the back of her chair. “I apologize if I worried you.”

“I should be the one apologizing. Let me make it up to you. Come visit the Grand Narukami Shrine just before sunset. I can promise you the best view in Inazuma.” She winked at Ganyu, “not to mention, the sights from the mountaintop are magnificent.”

Ganyu couldn't help but laugh. “It's a da-I'll be there.” She looked down, pretending to find nothing so interesting as the bowl of soup in front of her.

~

The sound of bells beckoned Ganyu to the rear courtyard of the shrine, but she held herself back, wanting to watch Yae from a distance.

Light on her feet, Yae moved with a determined grace,

the kagura in her hand ringing precisely with each gesture. Ganyu could feel echoes of serenity washing over her as Yae danced, the bells' gentle chimes bringing a warmth like sunshine in the spring.

“So, what did you think?”

Ganyu jumped, then took a deep breath, “it was beautiful.” She meant it; between the pink glow of sunset and the cherry blossoms wafting through the air, Yae had a picturesque setting.

“To properly perform a kagura requires discipline and years of practice. It's meant to clear spiritual miasma. However,” Yae's expression shifted from imperious to friendly, “it can also have a soothing effect on those who may be troubled. How are you feeling?”

Yae had moved in front of her, close enough that Ganyu could feel the warmth of her body and smell the sparkling floral scent of her perfume. She found herself unable to reply, her tongue thick and unwieldy in her mouth.

“Ganyu onee-san, consider this an apology for earlier.” She took Ganyu's hands in her own, rubbing her thumbs over her knuckles. “I'm sorry. I never should have pried.” The air felt heavy, even with nothing between them but mountain breezes and falling

sakura blossoms.

“Besides,” she flipped a section of pink hair over her shoulder as she moved towards one of the stalls bordering the courtyard, “I’m more interested in frivolous pursuits.” She let out a short laugh, trying to break the tension between them.

“Frivolous, like what?” Ganyu tried to imagine Yae fawning over dresses, or jewels, but it didn’t seem to suit her.

“Whiling away an afternoon reading a new light novel. Or perhaps enjoying a fresh bottle of sake.” Yae reached under the counter, pulling out a ceramic bottle and two small cups. She poured a measure in each and held one out.

“Is that all?”

Purple eyes rolled up in exaggerated thoughtfulness, and Yae smiled as she tapped her finger to her chin. “Spending time with a beautiful and mysterious adeptus from Liyue.”

Ganyu blushed and laughed in spite of her fluster. “I had not considered myself frivolous before.”

They sat together in silence, their backs resting against the Sacred Sakura. It was so peaceful Ganyu

nearly spilled her sake when she felt Yae’s hand brush her own. She looked at her and her stomach flipped.

Even with a keen-edged smile, Yae’s voice was sweet, “It would do you a disservice to call *you* frivolous.” She nudged Ganyu, “But you are so gentle, I’m finding it difficult to resist you. I thought qilin were supposed to be quite strong?”

“I’m-we-we’re not predators. We’re peaceful, we don’t even eat meat or any animal products...” she trailed off as Yae shifted, the heat of her breath against her neck distracting Ganyu to silence.

“So if you’re not a predator, does that make you my prey?” With a small laugh, Yae gently pressed her teeth into a fluttering pulse point, waiting.

“If I’m only prey to you, what’s stopping you from devouring me?” Ganyu managed to regain some composure. She turned around and pushed Yae back, straddling her lap and pinning her arms against the rough bark of the Sacred Sakura. “Perhaps I am no longer to your liking?” She melted into the kiss, as easy as a warm sunset, desire washing over her with every touch.

Yae leaned her head back with another laugh, her lips barely parted from Ganyu’s as she replied. “Oh no, you’re even sweeter than I imagined.” She kissed

Ganyu's cheek before moving to nip gently at her earlobe. "I think I could eat you right up. Care to dine with me in my room?"

"Yes!" Ganyu couldn't even wait for Yae to finish, only to be embarrassed by her own neediness. She was in Inazuma as not just a representative of Liyue, but the Liyue Qixing. Should she really be doing this? She chewed her bottom lip and considered her options, but a sudden glance at Yae sealed her fate.

Yae had stood up and was casually adjusting the sides of her top. It wasn't enough to expose her, not entirely. Rather, it was a promise of things to come, if Ganyu was willing. By the Seven was Ganyu willing.

Seeing Ganyu's expression, Yae laughed and it was so light, so charming, it was almost a giggle. *Almost*. She stood up and held out her hand, waiting. Ganyu took a deep breath. She wasn't just a representative of the Qixing. She was her own adeptus, and she could decide for herself what she wanted. She took Yae's hand and quickly followed her inside.

~

As soon as the lock clicked, Ganyu pounced. Pressing Yae's face against the heavy door, Ganyu began kissing and sucking at her neck before moving along her

shoulder. She turned the tables on the fox envoy's earlier tease, and slid her hand under the side of Yae's dress.

"Thanks for the tip." She giggled and squeezed her breasts before teasing her nipples until the skin pebbled. It was that much easier for her to take them between her thumb and forefinger, gently rolling until she got the reaction she was looking for.

"Ganyu!" She looked over her shoulder, eyes wide in surprise.

"Tell me to stop then." Ganyu hummed in her ear.

She stepped back, giving Yae room to move. She was so beautiful, especially in the red and purple tones of sunset, it was almost painful to look at her. Ganyu leaned against the door and waited, her body tense and expectant. But Yae just stood there, watching her, so Ganyu took matters into her own hands.

She started with her collar, the metal clasp and bell unbearably loud in the quiet room. She took her time, peeling her top down over her breasts, noting the way Yae's ears twitched at the sight. Moving her bodysuit over her hips, she slowly pulled everything else with it. Ganyu kept her eyes on Yae the whole time until there was nothing left for her to do but step out of a rumpled pile of fabric, her bare skin glowing in the dim twilight. Ganyu smiled awfully eager out in the courtyard."

“Ganyu, are you-is this okay?” Yae looked concerned, or just guilty over her earlier prying.

“Is it okay with *you* little one? Are you nervous?” Ganyu’s voice had a teasing lilt to it, but her face was kind. “You seemed awfully eager out in the courtyard.”

She giggled and kissed Yae, gently at first, but then with more intensity, her hands resting on Yae’s hips for only a moment before moving up to her breasts. Ganyu caressed her through the delicate silk of her dress, feeling the peak of her nipples, making it so easy to gently flick them with her thumbs.

“The only one holding back here is you, little kitsune.” Her laugh was playful, delighted, “I have survived war and untold destruction, yet you hesitate. I said the qilin are peaceful, I never said we were fragile.”

Ganyu slid her tongue in Yae’s mouth, tasting the whimpers and whines she was pulling from her with every touch. She pulled back just enough to speak, “but if you truly want me to stop, I will.”

She quickly shook her head, and Ganyu murmured her approval, her hands moving Electro-quick down Yae’s body until it was suddenly pushing up the bottom of her dress and cupping her pussy, the fabric already damp with arousal. Unable to wait, Ganyu yanked at her shorts, pushing them down her legs.

She grabbed Yae’s hands and pulled them behind her back, easily holding both wrists with one hand, while the other moved back between her legs. She muffled the next needy whine with a kiss, keeping Yae in place with an iron grip while she delicately teased her open.

“Onee-chan, you can’t even move right now can you?”

Yae blushed deeply at the pet name. “N-no, I can’t, I just-” Her hips bucked up, desperate for more.

Ganyu let out a sigh as she pressed her bare body against Yae, enjoying the way her dress rubbed against her skin. “Since you wanted to know about the Archon War, I can tell you this. The first who tried to devour me, choked. Surely you have more skill than a mindless monster that’s been ground to dust at the bottom of the ocean?”

She kept her eyes on Yae as she slid a single finger inside her, “oh you’re *perfect*,” she said with a sigh, before beginning to move her finger, the wet heat of Yae’s core practically sucking her in. She kissed her to muffled silence, adding another finger and curling both gently. Yae squirmed and squeezed her, slick slowly beginning to drip down Ganyu’s hand.

“So perfect, so pretty,” she began to ghost kisses along her cheek, jaw and neck, stopping briefly at Yae’s ear, “and you’ll be even prettier when you come for me.”

She pressed her mouth to Yae's neck and grazed her teeth over the tender skin before sucking a deep red mark.

Her fingers kept up a steady pace, keeping Yae trembling at the precipice. Spreading her fingers, she watched pink eyelashes flutter over pinker cheeks, giving a pleased hum at the hitched breath when she added a third, thrusting inside even harder. Yae struggled against her grip, but Ganyu held her tight, enjoying the way she could just barely move her hips to squirm desperately against her hand.

"Ganyu, I need-can I-"

"Oh? Come for your onee-san, sweet little fox." She ground the heel of her hand against Yae's clit, kissing her deeply as she came. Ganyu slowed down, dragging out the orgasm as much as she could until Yae went slack. She pulled her fingers out with an indelicate sound, guiding Yae to sit on the bed.

Ganyu stood back and watched her with a small smile as she carefully licked every bit of Yae off of her fingers, palm, and a single glistening drop sliding down her wrist. The longer this went on, Yae's expression, no, her *body* shifted. Suddenly her eyes became darker, more vulpine, when she smiled her sharp teeth had become fangs. Ganyu watched her

grip the hem of her dress with noticeably clawed fingers and felt her stomach flutter.

Before Ganyu could make one last swipe of her tongue across her palm, those clawed fingers wrapped around her wrist and the room became a blur. She landed on the bed, letting out a pleased noise, feeling Yae scramble on top of her.

That same clawed hand pressed against her mouth, just as fangs grazed her neck. "Caught you onee-san. Hope you like being my prey." She growled and nipped at Ganyu's neck before moving down.

She let out a muffled moan as Yae slotted a thigh between her own and began to move it against her. She moved herself in a matching rhythm, feeling the slip of silk and bare skin rubbing against her. Yae's mouth left a trail of blooming red and purple bruises, but even with a tongue that exquisite, it wasn't enough for her.

Ganyu squirmed, sticky thighs making slick, lewd sounds with every movement, the scent of her own arousal thick in the air. She sighed softly, feeling the heat of Yae's mouth on her breast, her tongue moving in languid circles.

She felt a fang graze her nipple and yelped in surprise.

Ganyu grabbed Yae's head, pink hair tangled around her fingers and held her close.

"Show your onee-san just how sharp your teeth are," she whined and squeezed Yae's thigh with her own, "please, I n-need more."

She could feel Yae groan against her skin, now yelping in pleasure as Yae devoured her. Ganyu moved her hips faster, breathy little whines being pulled from her with every bite, Yae leaving a growing collection of red half-moons across her breasts, chest and neck. Ganyu was so close the tension was making her body ache. And then she felt it, a white hot explosion in her core, she pressed Yae's hand over her mouth, holding it in place as she screamed her release. Not that it mattered, Yae had her teeth at her throat, she knew what name she cried out all the same.

Ganyu shuddered once and laid back. She was in a daze, her mind hazy from the pleasure and pain. She would be aching tomorrow, stinging and sore, but Archons, she couldn't remember the last time she had come so hard.

"Are you-did I...?" Yae's unsaid question hung in the air between them.

"Yae," Ganyu reached out to squeeze her hand. "That was amazing."

Yae blushed, but then hid behind exaggerated indignation. "More than I can say for my clothes. Ugh this will take forever to wash."

Pulling at the ties of her belt, Ganyu let out a low laugh. "Well, maybe next time you'll follow your onee-san's example and get undressed before dragging her into your bed."

"Oh? Will you be around to set such an example for me?" Her face remained neutral, but her flicking ears betrayed her hopeful excitement.

Ganyu gave her a sly smile, gently running a finger along her ear. "Well since you've asked me so nicely, little kitsune, I'd be happy to share a few tips with you."



Extra Credit

by Star | ship: Mona/Lisa

content tags: explicit sexual content, D/s undertones, slight teacher/student, cunnilingus, strap-ons, orgasm delay/denial, hair pulling, Vision play, electrostimulation, coming so hard they pass out

“You’re telling me that sleepy librarian is *the* ‘Witch of the Purple Rose?’” Mona’s voice dripped with incredulity.

Amber shrugged, “Mostly we know her as the *scary* librarian if you don’t return your books on time.”

“Yeah you better Baron Bunny over there if you don’t want to get fines, or worse.” Lumine grinned, pleased at her own wordplay, but Amber was already hustling out of her seat.

Mona watched her dash off, disbelief written all over her face.

~

“Hello, I don’t believe I’ve seen you in here before!” Lisa gave Mona a warm smile and propped her chin in her hands.

“I was hoping to look around a bit. Where is the Astrology section?”

“You *must* be the famous astrologer Mona Megistus, I’m so pleased to finally meet you!” Lisa held out her hand and Mona begrudgingly shook it. “I was just about to brew some tea, would you like some?”

“No, thank you. I’m just here to do some research.”

“Such a chilly day today, it’s perfect for a hot cup of tea.”

“I suppose you’re right.” She was already feeling a draft, and the stimulating properties of a strong cup of tea would help her focus on her research.

“Lovely! Astrology is in the southwest corner along with the rest of the divination books. Now, I have milk, sugar, honey, and lemon. How do you take it?”

Mona blushed as Lisa leaned closer to her, the angle just enough to show off the swell of her breasts pushing against the neckline of her top.

She took a deep breath, “milk and two sugars, please.”

“Why don’t you get settled and I’ll bring you the tea when it’s ready?” She let out a breathy giggle before turning to her kettle.

Mona rolled her eyes as soon as Lisa's back was turned, but headed for the Astrology books all the same.

~

Mona couldn't fathom why Lisa was wasting her talent being a librarian, when she could be ruling the halls of Sumeru. Instead, she was here in Monstadt, talking about tea time and leaning over her desk like a common barmaid. Mona blinked away the thought and scanned the shelves, trying to find the book she needed.

"Was there something specific you're looking for?"

Mona let out a huff of air. "Yes. 'Heavenly Bodies in Divine Movement' seems to have gone missing, but it was just here last week."

"I think I can help you find that." Lisa winked at her and looked over the shelves. "Just give me a moment." Stretching herself as tall as she could to look, she managed to make even this hyper-sexual, the rolling curves of her body becoming more and more of a distraction with each movement.

"Here it is! Someone mis-shelved it. My apologies."

"Thank you." Mona wasn't born in a hilichurl hut, she

knew when to be polite. Besides, Lisa was highly respected in the Hexenzirkel, she could hardly afford to be rude.

"You're welcome." Lisa turned on her heel and stopped, placing a delicate gloved hand on her hip. "I'll be back in a few minutes with a cup of tea."

"You don't have to-."

"Still two sugars and a splash of milk?"

"Y-yes. Thanks." Mona looked down, knowing the heat she felt in her face was more than likely a flush settling across her cheeks.

"You're welcome! I'll bring it over once it's ready."

Mona nodded and began to focus on her research. She was outlining the placements of constellations in the third house when a gentle clink of porcelain pulled her attention away.

Lisa stood next to her, the edge of the table pressing against the supple skin of her thigh. She had already placed a teacup and saucer on the table, the milky, sweet scent making Mona's mouth water. But her eyes lingered on the plate Lisa was sliding closer to her.

"Our sweet, chivalric maid Noelle has outdone herself

again and brought me an abundance of finger sandwiches.” As soon as she looked at the plate, Mona’s stomach grumbled loudly enough for the whole library to hear.

“Well, if you insist,” Mona eyed the sandwiches hungrily.

“I do, I’ve had my share, so please, help yourself darling.” The warmth in Lisa’s voice would normally have set Mona on edge, but for once she simply did not care.

She thanked Lisa and delicately pulled the plate closer, grateful for the distraction from her most recent column. She was loath to admit it, but she found herself missing her previous master’s feedback. Not that she actually missed the old hag, but she could always pinpoint exactly what Mona was doing wrong and how to fix it.

It was a pity there were no prominent mages or sorcerers in Mondstadt she could avail herself of, even if it would mean being someone’s apprentice again. A flurry of movement across the library caught her eye, but she went back to work when she realized it was just Lisa.

Lisa.

When she started to visit the library, Mona couldn’t contain her own curiosity and had read some of Lisa’s academic work. Even though it was outside her own field of study, she had to admit it was *brilliant*. Lisa’s writing was clever and direct, as if she knew exactly how smart she was and didn’t care to hide it. Mona was of the opinion that it wasn’t showing off if you were right, and Lisa was always right.

Still, she was so insouciant, so *indulgent*. It’s as if the only thing she cared about is afternoon tea. Yet somehow Lisa kept occupying her attention, even when she wasn’t around. Mona idly picked up a stray crumb from the table and dropped it onto the plate as her mind continued to wander. Pride be damned, it could hardly hurt to ask. If nothing else, she could bring back her plate, and if that happened to leave an easy opening for Mona to ask for Lisa’s guidance, then so be it.

“Thank you for the tea. And the food. You, well, you don’t have to share but it’s um, very kind of you.” She could already feel herself growing warm.

“Think nothing of it.” Lisa put her pen down and set aside her paperwork. “Is there something I can help you with?”

“Well, I was wondering if you perhaps had the availability to take on an apprentice at the moment?”

Lisa let out an airy laugh and leaned back in her chair. “A librarian’s apprentice? It does seem a bit below your skill level.”

“I know we study different disciplines, but I don’t see why that has to matter. I’ve read some of your pieces in the Sumerian journals, your work is quite impressive.”

Lisa’s face became softer, and more serious than she had seen before. “While it is quite the compliment to be asked by you, there are consequences to the pursuit of knowledge. But I suppose I would be remiss if I ignored an opportunity to provide careful guidance.”

She winked at Mona before standing up and extending her hand. “We’ll give it a trial run. You’ll come to the library twice a week and we’ll discuss your research. If you’d like me to review any written work, you must drop it off no later than the night before we meet.”

Mona shook Lisa’s hand and both women went their separate ways to pack up for the night. As she was heading out the door, she stopped at the sound of Lisa’s voice, the flirtatious lilt still like nails on a chalkboard.

“One more thing, Miss Megistus. You’re going to have to call *me* master. Think you can handle that?”

~

Mona sat down in front of Lisa at their usual table. She had finally worked up the nerve to drop off some of her work for her to review. She was not expecting to come in to see her *still* annotating the documents. Nevermind that she was using the most gaudy, shimmering purple ink to write her notes.

“Good evening! I’ve nearly finished reviewing your work, come and have a seat.” She motioned to the large cart set up at the end of the table set up with food and tea.

Mona sat down, helping herself. She looked at the numerous annotations and couldn’t hold back the dry edge to her voice, “are you sure you’ve finished? Don’t rush on my account.”

“Now Miss Megistus,” Lisa’s voice was suddenly sharp and serious, and Mona sat up straighter without even thinking. “We’ve had some truly scintillating discussions in the past couple of weeks, and I must say your research and dedication are most impressive.”

Mona knew she was blushing. Her face felt too warm, her heart was pounding too hard for it to be anything else. In spite of her feelings about Lisa, hearing her talk like this was having a noticeable effect on her. She shifted in her seat, praying to the Seven that Lisa wouldn’t notice.

“However, since you have asked me for feedback, I could hardly call myself your *master* if I put in anything less than my full effort.” She stood in front of Mona, less stern, but still commanding her attention. “I never said this would be easy, darling. But if you think you have what it takes, then let’s continue.”

Mona looked up at her and felt her breath quicken. When did Lisa become so authoritative? And when did she suddenly want more of it? She swallowed thickly, only able to nod in response.

“Good. Now let’s talk about your interpretation of the 6th and 7th houses in relation to the current planetary alignments.”

The night continued without further incident and Mona hurried home. Normally she would stay up late doing more work, but nothing seemed to hold her attention. Resigned to an early night, she drew herself a bath. Sinking into the steaming water, she took a few deep breaths and laid back against the side of the tub.

As she remembered Lisa’s soft admonishments, her hands started to put unsaid feelings to action, running up and down her body, teasing herself with gentle squeezes or her fingers barely grazing her skin. But soon enough she was burning, aching, desperate for more, and her hands moved in strange patterns

underwater while her Vision glowed bright blue on the edge of the sink.

She pressed her hand firmly against her mouth as she came, nearly sobbing from the release. Her fingers muffled the name on her lips, saving herself the indignity of admitting what her mind and heart still heard loud and clear.

~

Every night she spent with Lisa ended the same. Mona would hurry home and retreat to the shower or bath, pushing her Vision to work overtime as she sought relief, shame and desire overwhelming her.

Mona wanted Lisa. And there was nothing she could do about it except bite her hand to the point of bruising trying to stifle her cries as she fucked herself to a shaking orgasm night after night. What little relief it provided was the only thing helping her through their apprenticeship sessions, otherwise she was sure she’d be even more of a blushing mess.

“I’m impressed with your progress Miss Megistus, let me know if you have any questions.”

The silence that fell between them wasn’t comfortable. Lately Mona always felt a little on edge

around Lisa, like her whole body was humming with a static charge. She quickly flipped through her work, searching for that telltale purple shimmer, only to find it missing from every page.

She gave Lisa a confused look, “are you certain L-master? Surely you could find something that needed to be adjusted?”

Lisa’s laugh managed to soothe Mona, while also stoking that lingering warmth deep in her core. “I’m so pleased with your progress Miss Megistus. Even in this short period of time it’s clear you’ve worked to improve both your writing and your divinatory practices.”

The flush that moved over her body was well out of Mona’s control, and it only embarrassed her further to have her internal turmoil made so visible.

“You seem a bit flustered. Is it so unusual that I would find your work to be exemplary? I thought you had appreciated my feedback, given how well you applied it.”

She smiled gently and crossed her arms just under her breasts, pushing them up. Mona had to quickly look away, as it was the last thing she needed right now.

“N-no I’m fine I just-”

“Or maybe,” Lisa stood up and sauntered towards Mona, tipping her chin up with a finger, “maybe you just like it when I tell you how *good* you’ve been.”

Between the throaty emphasis on the word ‘good’ and the sultry look Lisa was giving her, Mona could hardly think. Neither one of them moved, the statement hanging heavy in the air. Mona had thought she was being careful with her feelings, yet there was no mistaking what was happening right now.

She knew what a relationship like this could do to one’s studies, and she didn’t want to lose someone who had turned out to be an excellent master and maybe even a friend? But the longer those sparkling green eyes held her gaze, the less she cared, until finally desire overwhelmed logic.

“Yes, please. I do like it.”

“Now, doesn’t it feel better to admit to it?” Lisa giggled, “why don’t we go to my office so we can discuss this in private?”

~

Mona wasn’t sure what to expect, but a gentle kiss certainly wasn’t at the top of her list. In spite of the softness, it only served to wind Mona tighter. She watched Lisa take off her hat and cape, leaving her

neck and shoulders captivatively bare, except for the soft brown hair now flowing loose over them. Mona took her own hat off and started to remove her gloves when Lisa stopped her.

“May I?”

“If you’d like.”

“I would. Very much, but Mona,” she hesitated, genuine concern on her face. “Is this truly what you want?”

Hearing her name so sweet in Lisa’s mouth made her giddy. “Yes. Master, I just, I need this. I need you. Please.” She took a step towards Lisa but stopped when she held out her hand.

“I may be your Master, but please understand, you can say no at any time and we can stop. And you don’t have to call me Master now, Lisa is fine. Or Miss Minci.”

“I want to call you Master now, unless you don’t want me to.” She mumbled, hiding her face in her hands. “And you can call me Miss Megistus if you want.”

“So if I tell you to go to the middle of the room and stand still so I can undress you, how would you respond Miss Megistus?”

“Yes Master.” Following Lisa’s request to the letter, Mona stood and waited.

“I want you to prove just how good you can be for me.” Lisa kept her voice firm as she took off Mona’s own hat and cape.

“Yes! Yes Master, please.” Her pulse quickened, the thought of pleasing Lisa, of *earning* her approval intensified the ache in her core.

Mona could feel her scrutiny as she walked around her, and try as she might, she couldn’t keep herself from shivering with nervous excitement. “I’m going to undress you so I can see every inch of this lovely body of yours while I tease you and play with you. But while I do all this, you are not to make a sound unless you need to stop. Do you think you can be good and quiet for me?”

There it was, that magical word, *good*. Mona felt her knees get weak, but she knew she had to stay standing. “Yes Master.”

“Wonderful! I know you can do it, but as an added incentive,” she dropped her voice to a low purr, “remember good girls get rewarded.”

Lisa started to undress Mona piece by piece, and as she did her hands wandered. Mona could have cried to

finally feel the smooth, warm satin of her gloves moving over her body, but the longer she went, the more it was starting to feel like torture.

Loosening Mona's bodysuit, Lisa slid her palms over her breasts, hooking her thumbs in the fabric and slowly dragging it down her abdomen. She had to tug rather hard to pull the bodysuit and panties over Mona's hips and thighs but kept going, pushing it all down until it was a pile on the floor. Stepping in front of her, she took Mona's hand and gently kissed her palm.

"Your silence is impressive. Why don't you spread out that blanket on the couch and sit down."

Mona did as she was told, and waited, watching her strip down to, *Archons*, nothing but an electric purple lace thong. Lisa sauntered over and kneeled in front of her, bare hands dancing up her legs, slowly pushing them further apart. Her whole body was humming with self-conscious desire. Mona wanted to collapse, she could feel a desperate giggle stuck in her throat, but she bit her lip, focused, and kept herself silent.

Lisa watched her with a smile, "you're doing wonderful darling, haven't I said you're a fast learner?"

Her hands stopped at the very top of Mona's thighs,

thumbs moving down that exposed skin. The first touch of Lisa's bare fingers felt more intimate than anything they'd done all night, sending a pulsing wave of heat through Mona's body. Ticklish and hyper-sensitive, she resisted the urge to move. Instead she focused on her breathing, and she thought she was doing well staying calm and quiet, until she glanced down.

Lisa was simply there, nearly naked, kneeling between her legs, and it was everything she had been dreaming of and more, but then there was the look she was giving Mona. Normally her eyes were the brilliant green of a spring day, but now they were as dark as the deepest part of the forest, and Mona wanted nothing more than to get lost.

She rested her chin on Mona's thigh, just above her knee. "You are so beautiful and so perfect, spread out for me like this, I could just eat you up." She let out a pleased hum, "Now to work on these delicious thigh highs of yours."

Indulgent as ever, Lisa took her time. Running her fingers under the hems, fingers gliding over the newly exposed skin, praise and admiration murmured as she went. By the time she finished with both legs, Mona was trembling.

Leaning in, Lisa left a trail of searing kisses back up to

the inside of her thighs. Avoiding where Mona wanted her the most, Lisa worked her up into a frenzy, lips ghosting over her thighs, hips, wherever she wanted, and all Mona could do was twist her hands in the blanket and bear it.

Lisa looked up at her as she kissed right above her clit. “Such a good girl.” Lisa purred, feeling Mona’s slick dripping down her thumbs as she gently spread her folds. She nearly cried with relief at finally being touched while Lisa used one hand to keep her spread and the other to tease her entrance with a finger before sliding it inside.

“Now Miss Megistus, you are to continue to stay silent, except when you’re close, is that clear?”

Mona had barely nodded when Lisa began to move her finger, only waiting a few thrusts before sliding a second in beside it. She kept her pace slow and steady, watching Mona the whole time, as if she was daring her to make a sound. As much as Mona wanted to beg to be touched, to be fucked, anything more than this agony, her need to be praised was stronger. So she stayed silent and kept her legs open.

Without any preamble except a wicked smile, Lisa settled her mouth against Mona’s clit with a happy sigh and a flick of her tongue. She immediately

followed that with a sharp thrust of her fingers, curling them up and nearly breaking Mona in the process. Patterns of stars danced behind her closed eyelids, constellations mapping out her desire and its ascension, but she couldn’t have foreseen its sudden quickening.

Lisa’s mouth, the heat, the quick movements of her tongue around and over Mona’s clit, her fingers thrusting at a steady pace, Mona couldn’t keep herself still, and rocked her hips forward, feeling that sharp spark of tension building in her core. Without thinking she pressed her hand to her mouth, biting down as she’d done so many nights now, only to have Lisa yank it away.

She didn’t stop to talk, merely gave Mona a teasing “mm-mmnn,” and continued to push her toward the edge.

“M-master, I’m close, I’m so close, please I’m-”

Lisa sighed softly as she stopped, gently pulling her fingers out and shoving them in Mona’s mouth, silencing her cry of frustration.

“There, there, be a good girl and clean them off for me. I’m very pleased with your performance Miss Megistus. While I’m sure you don’t feel this way now, you have absolutely earned your reward.”

Her voice was gentle, teasing as she took Mona's hand, touching the marks left by her teeth, not just tonight, but over the course of many nights. "You know, when you took your gloves off last week, I almost asked what left these marks. I hope I've lived up to your expectations."

She winked and slid her hair over her shoulder, leaving Mona gaping and embarrassed.

Lisa briefly rummaged in her desk drawers, not bothering to look up as she called Mona over, "Come here."

Mona quickly moved in front of her desk, standing as demurely as she could given her state of undress and sticky thighs. "Yes Master?"

"You're going to get your reward darling!" Lisa stood behind her and pressed her hand between her shoulders. "Just like that, and spread your legs, good girl. I've been dreaming of bending you over my desk since the first day you came in and I intend to see it through. Eyes forward, and no peeking."

The desk was cold under her bare skin but Mona was grateful for the support. Lisa's words had her weak, and she wasn't sure she could stand on her own. She could hear getting ready behind her and continued to wait until she felt Lisa push two, then three lube-

slicked fingers inside her.

"How does that feel, is it too much?"

"Good. Feels good, Master." Mona sighed and clenched around her as Lisa started to move, gently spreading them apart, occasionally swiping her thumb over Mona's clit, her body tensing each time.

"I could tease you and play with you all day, but I just want to make sure you're ready for me darling."

Mona's mind ran away with the image of Lisa, as languid as ever, working her up into a writhing, whimpering mess, making her beg for her release. She groaned and clenched around Lisa's fingers. She just laughed and pulled them out, still a tease.

"I take it you like that idea?"

"Yes Master."

"Oh Miss Megistus, we are going to have so much fun together."

Mona could feel her cunt pulsing in need, and the wet, slick sounds behind her only made it worse. Suddenly she felt something press against her, something larger than a finger or two. *Much* larger.

Lisa dragged the tip over Mona, teasing her clit briefly before moving it back to her entrance. "Here's your reward darling, do you like it?"

Between her own fingers, Hydro constructs, and past partners, she was no blushing virgin, but this gave her pause. "I do but it-it's big."

"I'm afraid this is the smallest I have on hand, but you want your reward, and I want to make you scream, so how about we give it a try?" She gently began to push the tip inside Mona.

Mona could already feel the stretch but she was so turned on, it was nothing but pleasure for her. "Yes! Please master, I want more."

"Already? So eager to please. We'll take it slow darling."

Lisa held her hips steady and continued to push inside. Mona held on tight to the edge of the desk, short little gasps being pushed out of her with every inch until Lisa's hips were flush with her own. She poured herself on top of Mona, pressing their bodies together, getting close enough to whisper in her ear.

"I wish you could see yourself right now, you look so pretty and pink stretched out for me." She rocked her

hips, the lewd praise and pressure making Mona whine. "Tell me when you're ready Miss Megistus."

Mona took a deep breath and exhaled slowly, trying to relax and acclimate to the toy inside her. She had never felt so full before, and with each breath the painful stretch mellowed into pleasure, her cunt throbbing with need.

"I'm ready. Please fuck me Master, but um, if you could go a little slow, I feel like I'm close already."

Lisa grabbed her hips with a surprising amount of strength. "That hardly matters darling, do you think I'm letting you stop at just one?" She nearly pulled herself out of Mona completely before quickly filling her to the brim. "Now be a good girl, and take all of your reward."

The last few words were punctuated by sharp thrusts, making Mona squeal as Lisa set a fast pace, and just as she had foreseen, Mona could already feel the tension building in her core.

"Master! M-master I'm going-I'm-please-coming!" Her whole body went tight as that first orgasm ripped through her, the intensity locking her mouth in a silent scream. Lisa rocked against her, and she could feel the pleasure slowly dwindling, until she finally

relaxed against the desk. Keeping Mona full, Lisa leaned down and grabbed the ends of her twin tails, slowly wrapping them around her hands.

With a snap of her hips, Lisa began pounding into Mona while pulling back on her hair. Mona's eyes shot open, her torso locked in a curve and her hands scrambling for purchase on the slick wood of the desk.

"S-so deep Master, so good, th-thank you."

"Miss Megistus, I'd like you to touch yourself."

"Touch my-oh that's it, yes right there-touch myself?" Her embarrassment was brief, with desperation burning away the wisp of shame in her belly.

"Well my hands are a little full right now." Lisa yanked on her twintails, "and I want you to come on my cock."

Moaning, she pressed her face to the desk, trying to collect herself enough to reach between her thighs and failing. Finally, she reached out her hand and squeezed in into a fist, concentrating on the cool energy of Hydro. Her Vision glowed bright blue just as a stream of water swirled around her clit, and it was all she could do to try and hold onto the desk as another swell of arousal built up.

Lisa let out a delighted laugh. "I'm impressed! You

must let me study your methodology."

Mona began to tease herself, water sliding easily over her swollen bud, every sensation urging her to move faster, press harder, until she felt herself growing tense once again.

"Master, I-" she couldn't even finish, her Vision still glowing as she began to shake.

"I'm so glad you showed me how you use your Vision darling, because I'd like to show you something I can do with mine."

Mona briefly saw soft purple energy flickering along her arms, and then nothing but stars. The entire universe opened up to her as the gentlest current of Electro caught that spark in her core, making it swell and crest into what felt like an endless cycle of pleasure. All she could do was collapse against the desk as she came over and over, until the last star blinked out.

~

She woke up to the smell of milky, sweet tea and rose perfume from the blanket wrapped around her.

"Well hello, or should I say, good morning?"

“Good morning Mas-”

“Mona, at some point we can just use our first names, don’t you think?” Lisa handed her a cup of tea.

She sipped it, grateful for the warmth, secretly pleased that Lisa still made it exactly as she liked it. “Lisa.” Another sip. “I enjoyed last night, and I would enjoy doing it again. But I am worried that it may compromise our relationship.”

“It could, Archons know I’ve seen it happen before. But it doesn’t have to.” Lisa walked to her desk and grabbed a plate of pastries, setting it down in front of Mona. “Freshly baked this morning, please, eat.”

She waited for Mona to take a bite before continuing, “I think we’re both direct and honest, so as long as it stays that way, we’ll be fine. What do you say?”

“I’d like to give it a try.” She was nervous and giddy, almost breathless with the possibilities.

“Excellent!” Lisa sat down next to her with a devious smile. “Now, let’s discuss your next assignment.”

“Assignment?”

“Yes. I’ll need a rather detailed report, including a demonstration, about the practical applications of a Hydro Vision.”



Cover



DaaizefU
🐦 SkanczykDelusio



Purple



Seraphina
🔪 Visct_Seraphina



Star
🐦 starglimmermoon
🔪 starglimmermoonglow

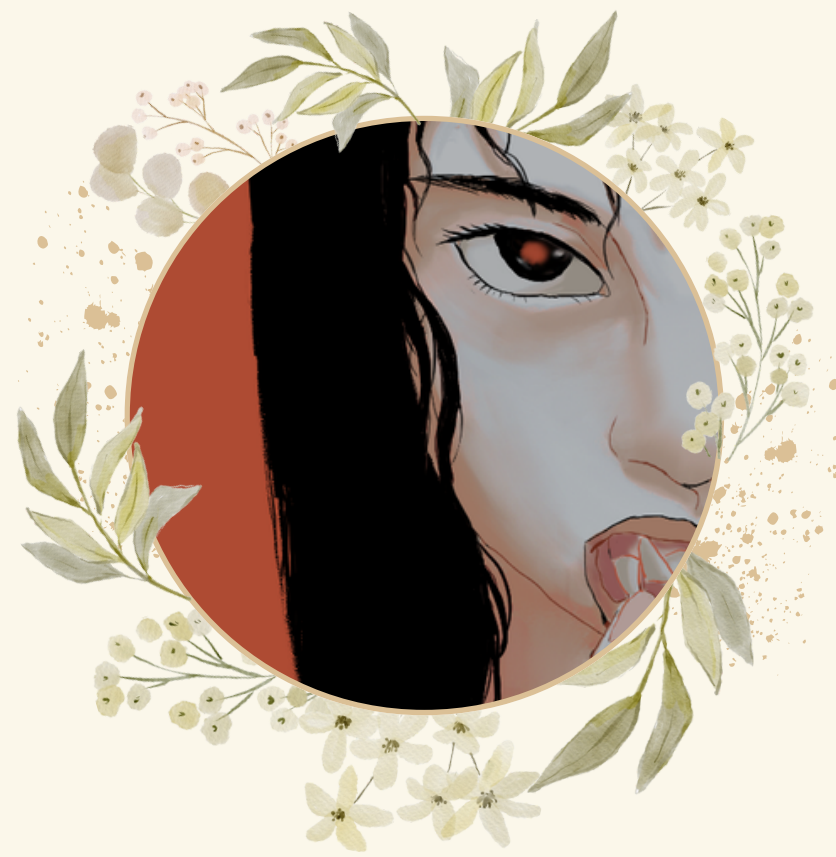
Writing



Coven



elydition
🐦 elydition



Eternitas
🐦 gaytrophywife



Lixolu
🐦 lixo_lu
🔪 lixo_lu



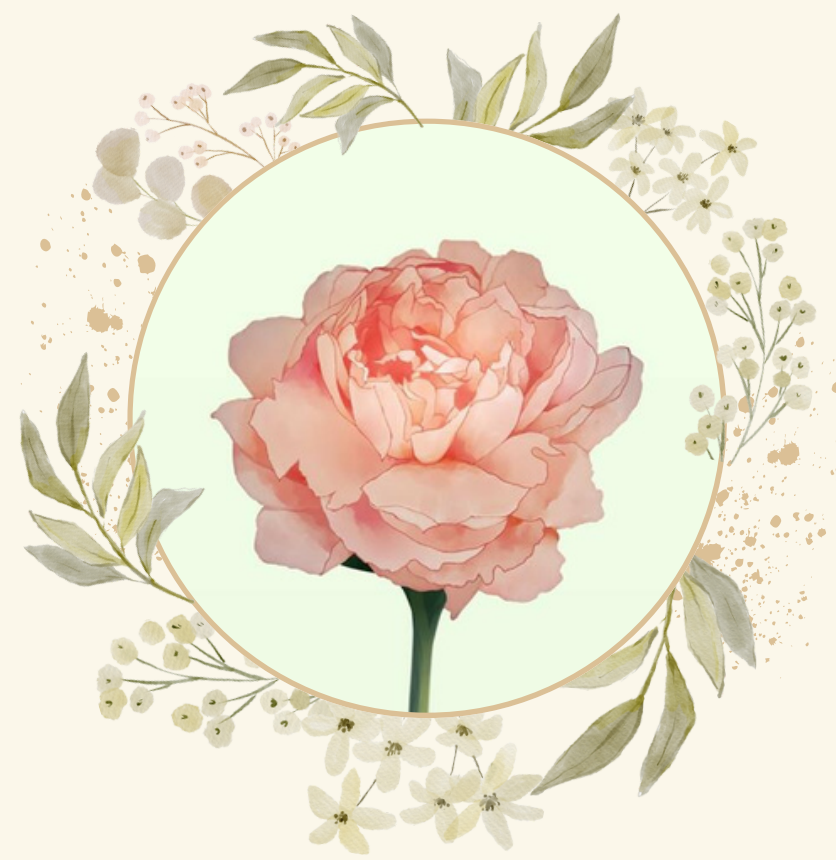
Panda
🐦 a_rainbow_slime
🔪 snowymoonpanda

Project Staff

Thank You



Cat_unicreating
Layout Design
🐦 cat_unicreating
✂️ Cat_unicreating



crescenttwins
*Formatting, Graphics,
Organization & Outreach*
🐦 happinessdeceit
✂️ crescenttwins



Lixolu
*Outreach & Social
Media*
🐦 lixo_lu
✂️ lixo_lu



Red
*Concept, Initial
Organization*



Star
*Organization, Outreach &
Social Media*
🐦 starglimmermoon
✂️ starglimmermoonglow

Thank you for downloading Moonlit Blooms: a NSFW Genshin Impact Femslash zine! We hope that you enjoyed the incredible works of our creators as we celebrate femslash in Genshin Impact.

We'd like to thank everyone involved in making this zine come to life: Red for getting things started; Cat_unicreating, crescenttwins, Lixolu, and Star for making this project a reality; DaaiZefU for the wonderful cover art; and all of the fantastic contributors-- this project wouldn't exist without your amazing work!

Additional thanks to the members of the GI Femslash Server for your enthusiastic support and keeping us motivated! It is your camaraderie that allowed us to release not only this zine but its SFW companion, Sunstruck Blossoms.

Lastly, we would like to thank everyone who's liked, shared, and otherwise supported the project. Thank YOU dear reader, and we hope you enjoyed this zine!

Moonlit Blooms

A NSFW Genshin Impact Femslash Zine

This is a free, unofficial fanzine featuring characters, settings, and other material from Genshin Impact. The contributors are not affiliated with HoYoverse.

© All rights reserved by HoYoverse. Other properties belong to their respective owners.